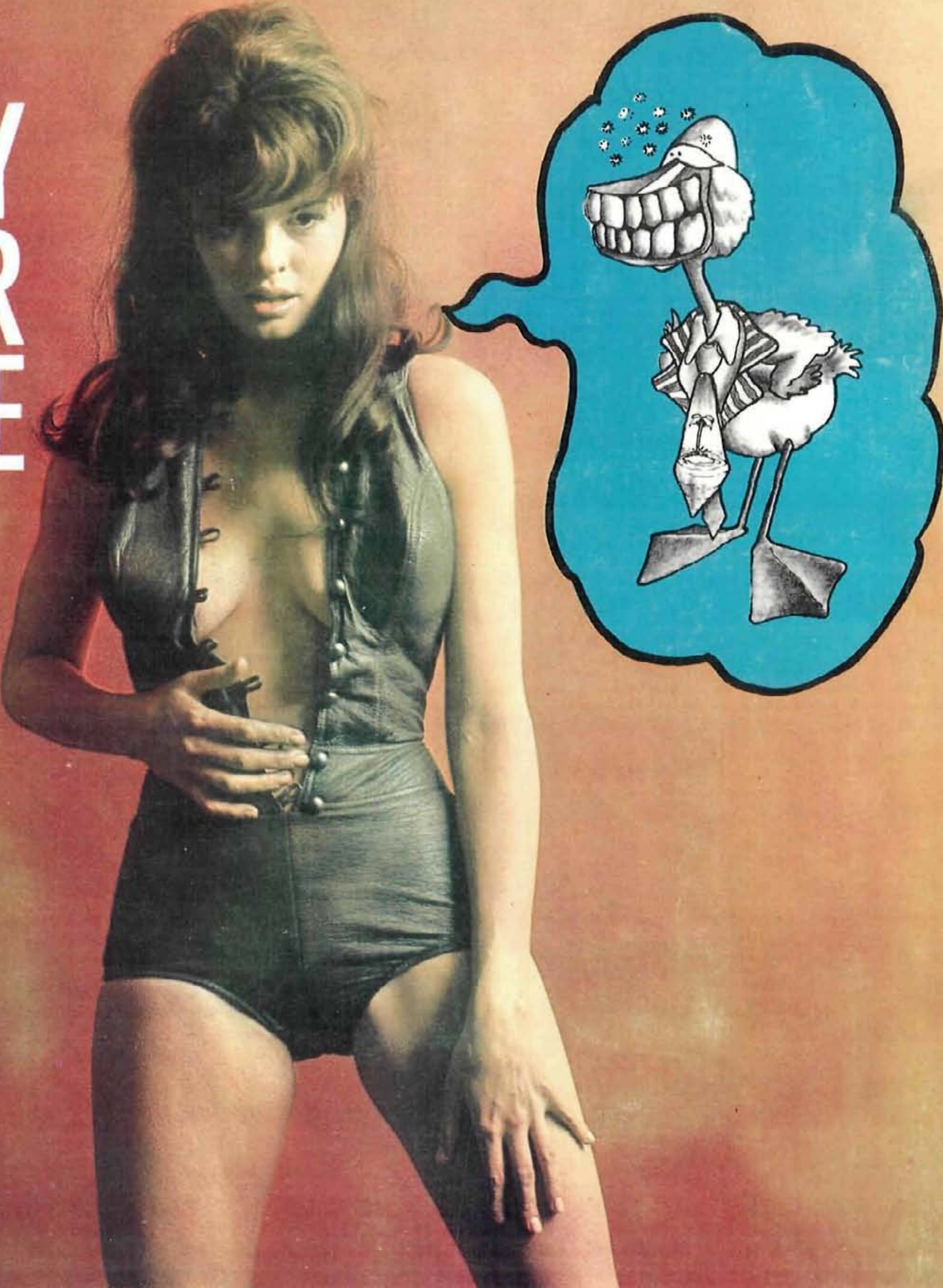
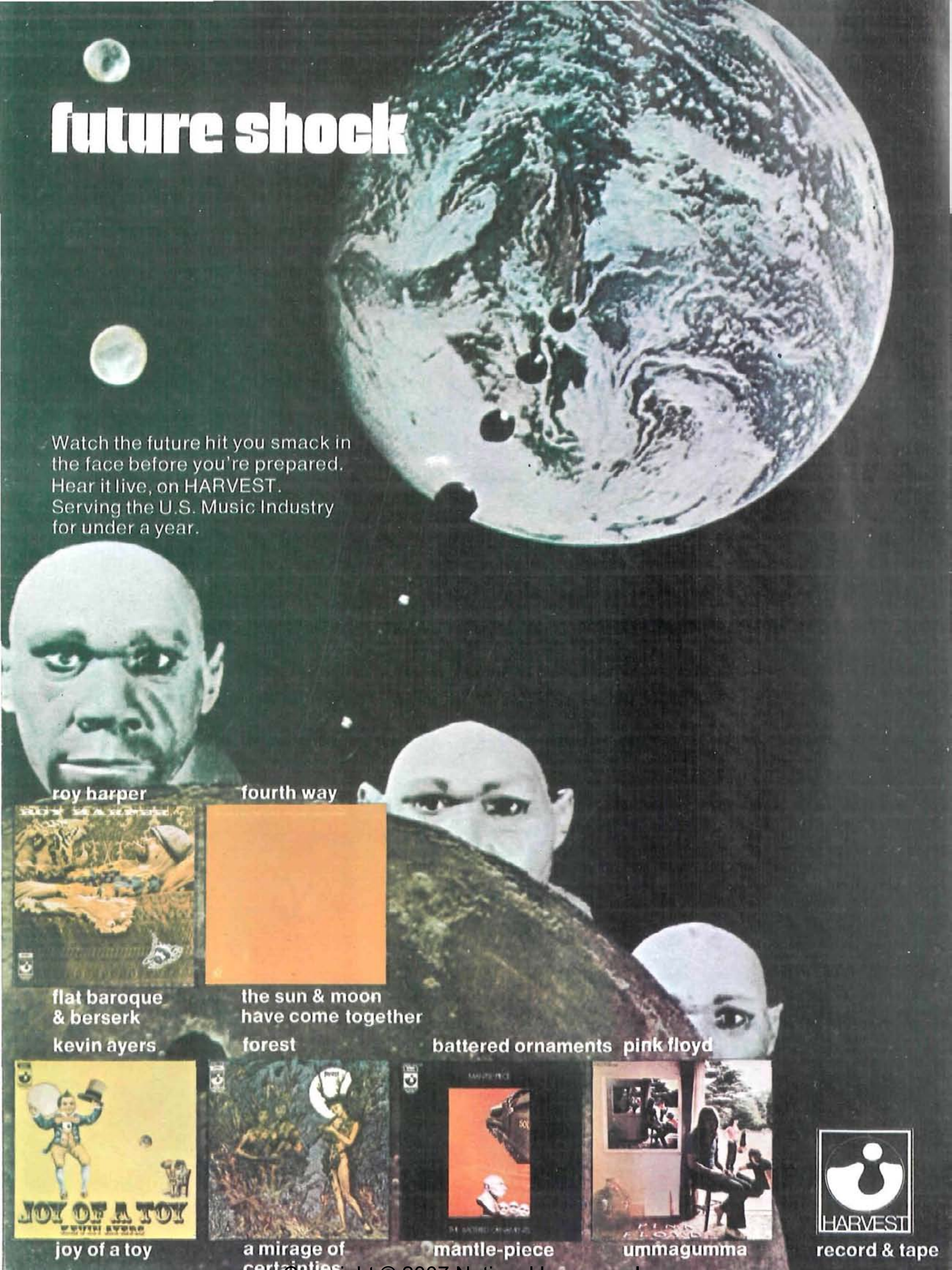
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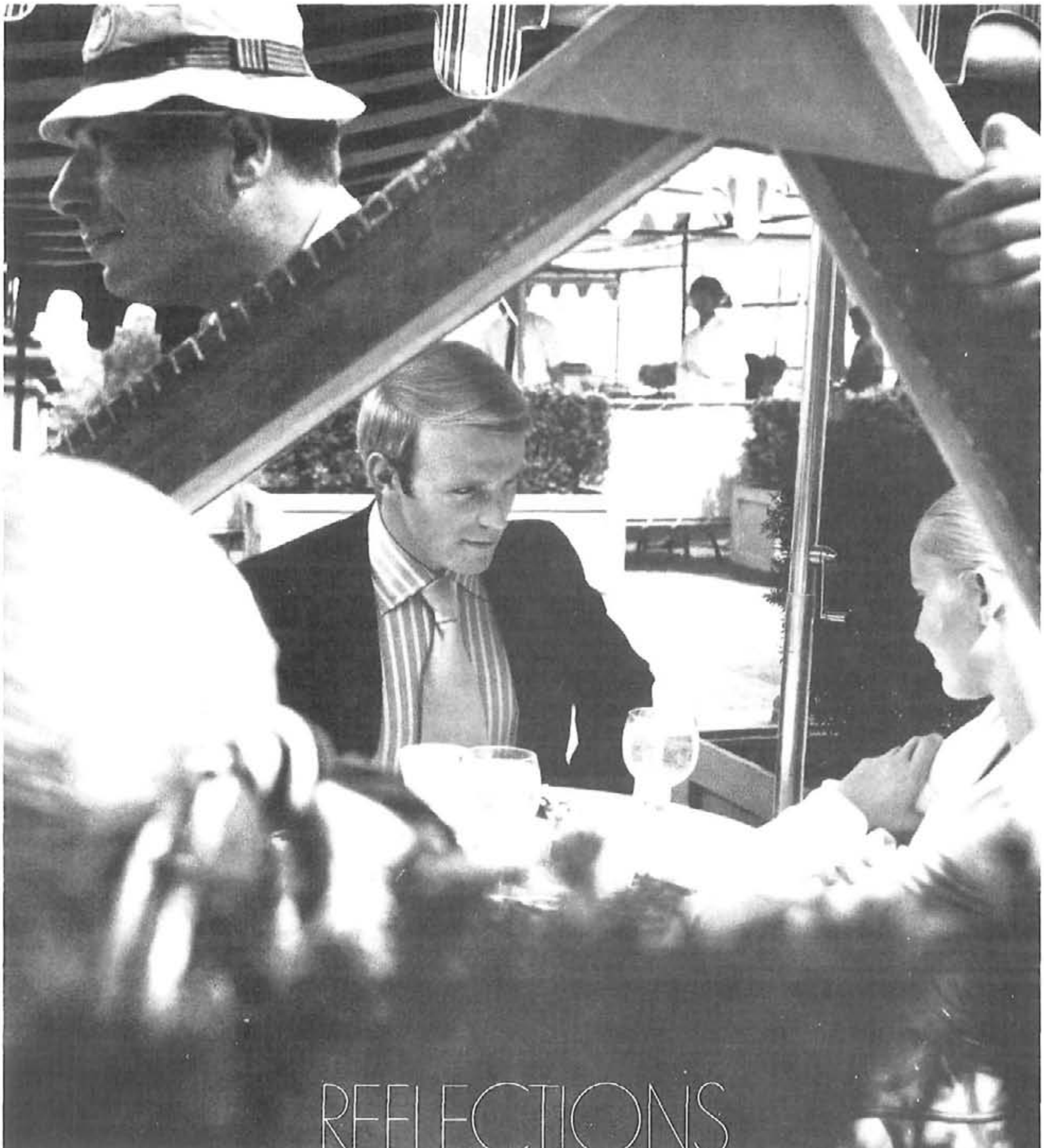
SEXY COVER ISSUE



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future shock
Watch the future hit you smack in the face before you're prepared. Hear it live, on HARVEST. Serving the U.S. Music Industry for under a year.
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JOY OF A TOY
joy of a toy
forest
a mirage of certainties
battered ornaments
mantle-piece
pink floyd
ummagumma
HARVEST
record & tape



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Volume I, No. 1

April 1970

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. \$6.95 paid annual subscription, \$11.50 paid two-year subscription, and \$15.50 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$1.00 for Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 for Foreign. Second-class postage pending at Lawrence, Kansas.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Managing Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted, if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

THE CONTEST FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER WON A CONTEST.

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Everyone who enters wins first prize, an 18" x 24" original Mort Drucker poster. (It's not exactly a cabin cruiser, but at least you're a winner.)

Second prize (for the big loser) is an MG Midget Sports Car. (Car buffs please note: The Midget features a 4-speed gear box, twin carburetion, spoke wheels, and a 62 hp engine.)



You can't wear black socks with everything.

First prize: 18" x 24" Poster

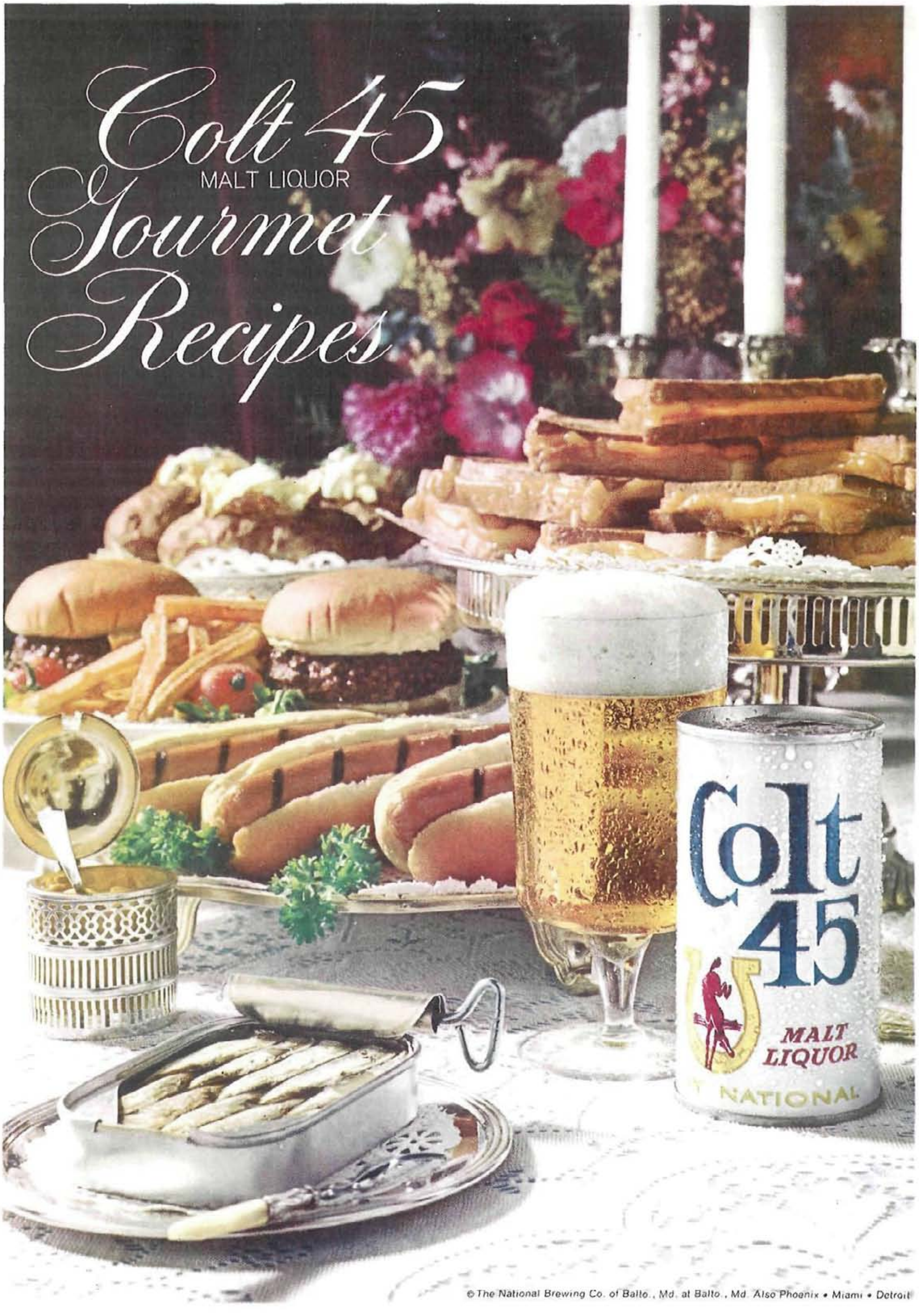
Additional prizes in Esquire Socks Downy Touch contest (it runs from March 15 to April 30) include Yamaha motorcycles, record albums and a host of other prizes.

To enter, visit your local men's furnishing store or department store and look for the Downy Touch display. While you're there pick up a pair of Esquire Socks Downy Touch. They come in 55 colors and cost only $1.50. It's your big chance to become a winner, and get a pretty neat poster at the same time. **Esquire Socks® Downy Touch™**

Second prize: MG Sports Car



KR
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The National Lampoon, Inc. is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications Company, Inc.

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—EDITORIAL—

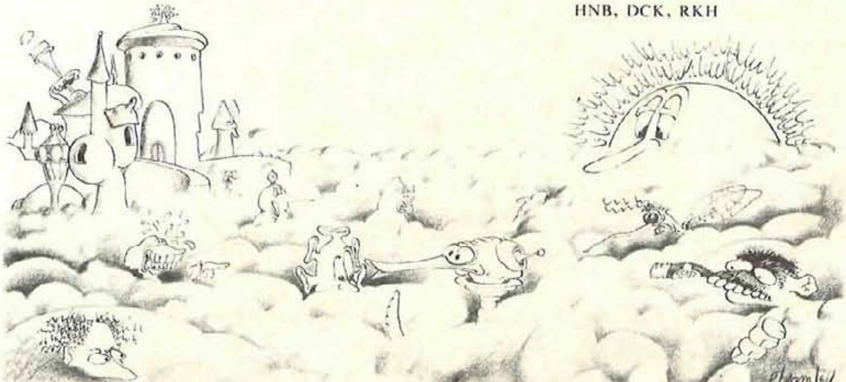
Thomas Carlyle once remarked, "True humor springs not more from the head than the heart." Of course, what the silly old Rosicrucian might have meant by this is yet Shrouded in Mystery. Nevertheless, our Famous Writers' School pamphlet entitled *Editorials Made E-Z* swears that any random theft from Bartlett will make the reader sit up and take notice, thus leading to Big Pay in our Spare Time. But the hard fact that there is a veritable Sahara of space between this line and the bottom of the page goads us into further exploration of the nature of the Editorial. The dictionary, for an example, defines "editorial" as "of or relating to an editor." Well, there you are. Another aspect of the Editorial is the traditional statement of Editorial Policy. Following the ancient and honorable Creed of Fergus, we, the editors, do likewise put forth a statement of Our Editorial Policy. Our Editorial Policy shall, like Gaul, in three parts divided be:

Firstly, we shall constrain ourselves to Minding our Own Business.

Secondly, we shall endeavor at all times and in all places to Keep our Noses Clean by the most expedient possible means.

Thirdly, and finally, we shall always exercise the utmost care to Keep our Hands to Ourselves.

HNB, DCK, RKH



LETTERS

Sirs:
It says here that you're starting some sort of funny magazine. All I can say is that you people have a lot of nerve. Haven't you looked outside your own selfish egos long enough to see that people are being wronged and oppressed all over the world? Take the fascist military regimes which grow in number every year. In these stricken countries, you can't even look cross-eyed without the secret police writing your name down in their little notebooks. It may be even years later that one night you are roused from your sleep by the terrifying sound of rifle butts breaking down your flimsy rattan door. The brutal thugs drag you, heedless of your piteous cries, deep, deep into the jungle. Never to return. And you, with your funny magazine.

Viola da Gamba
South Orange, N.J.

Sirs:
As I was looking through this issue, I came across some startling errors. In your rather tasteless column entitled *Mrs. Agnew's Diary*, for example, you claim that Mrs. John Mitchell is nicknamed "Binky." This is simply and absolutely untrue. I am sure I speak for the American people when I say that such ridicule of our nation's foremost citizens is only indicative of the sorry state of our country's younger generation.

Spiggy Agnew
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
Love is no hot-house flower, but a wild plant, born of a wet night, born of an hour of sunshine; sprung from a wild seed, blown along the road by a wild wind. A wild plant that, when it blooms by chance within the hedge of our gardens, we call a flower; and when it blooms outside we call a weed; but, flower or weed, whose scent and colour are always wild!

J. Galsworthy
London, England

Sirs:
I cannot but take exception to the preceding letter. The initial premise, that "love is no hot-house flower," may well be true, but I can see no reason for advocating the extremely antithetical position that love is some sort of "wild plant." This sort of thing is pure, irresponsible fantasy. *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* correctly defines love as "tender and passionate affection for one of the opposite sex." Where does Galsworthy get off? He's been dead for thirty-seven years.

Mayflower van Lines
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sirs:
Webster has been dead for a hundred and eighteen years.

J. Galsworthy
London, England

Sirs:
I see from your vulgar promotional material that your magazine will treat themes of general interest. Have you considered devoting an issue to the pancreas? I am sure that if you investigate the manifold implications of this most vital and most ignored of the bodily organs, your nose will fall off in astonishment.

Richard Spenser
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
The other day, I was coming out of the plant when I see this beautiful babe walking across the street. Holy Toledo, I say to myself, what a doll. So I give her a whistle, she turns around to give me a look, and what do you think? The babe turns out to be one of those goddam hippie creep types. It really burns me up. It's getting so you can't tell the boys from the girls nowadays.

Ruth Donleavy
Bridgeport, Conn.

Sirs:
The quiet walks, the noisy fun, the ballroom prize we almost won. We will have these moments to remember.

Alfredo de Darc
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:
How come everybody makes fun of the Mafia? They act like it's a big terrible thing if a few guys want to play the numbers once in a while. I don't think people should make a big deal about the Mafia. I don't think *you* should make a big deal out of the Mafia either, unless you want a plumber to help you swallow your lunch.

Guido Fettucini
Newark, N.J.

Sirs:
I don't know whether or not you accept unsolicited manuscripts for your new magazine, but if you do, I would like to submit the following gag for your kind consideration:

Young Dandy: *(Upon observing a young lady struggling with a pile of packages.)* Pardon me, my good woman, but could I be of service?

Young Lady: *(Irritated at the Young Dandy's foppish dress and cloying manner.)* Yes, my good man, you can direct me to any helpful gentleman who does not affect *foppish dress and cloying manners!*

Young Dandy: *(Put off his guard.)* Egad! My twin vanities are my ruin!

(If you can't use this one, I'll send along some others. I have six hundred of them.)

Sherman Pig
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Sirs:
Can you give me any information as to the whereabouts of one Sidney Hornsby? He is approximately 5 feet 9 inches with gray eyes and thinning brown hair. He usually wears a charcoal gray suit with a thin red tie and has difficulty pronouncing the word "plinth." He was last seen boarding a Greyhound bus for Dayton with a damp brown package under his arm, and I have reason to believe he may attempt to contact you in the next few hours.

Katherine Kopo
Larchmont, N.Y.

Sirs:
Congratulations on the first issue of your magazine! Will you always have dirty pictures? If so, please put me on your subscribers' list. If not, please do not put me on your subscribers' list, as I would not like your magazine if it does not have dirty pictures.

Hans Holbein
Delft, Holland

Sirs:
I've called and I've called a thousand times, but your floozy of a secretary keeps giving me some runaround about how you're either out to lunch or in Antigua, she can't remember which. I am sending this letter certified so I can prove (in *court*, if necessary) that you are consciously trying to avoid me. How can you treat me this way after all those thrilling things you said last November 11th? You must feast on lies. Call me tonight or I'll have Horace take you out to the toolshed.

Blanche Crowley
Mt. Vernon, Iowa

Sirs:
Hey, what is this (deleted)? I pick up this (deleted) magazine because it has this broad on the cover, and inside all I get is this (deleted) about Eleanor Roosevelt. Some gyp. If you ever pull this again, I'll take your (deleted) (deleted) and shove it right up your (deleted) until your (deleted) fall off and you hang by your own (deleted).

I bet you won't have the (deleted) to print this, you (deleted) (deleted!)

Col. R. Nopple (Retired)
San (deleted), Calif.

Sirs:

I have done what you asked me with regard to the coconuts, and am happy to report that the shipment is safe, and once again underway. I was there in person when they were put into the cotton wool, and can confirm that every fourth one has been injected, shaved on the tip, etc., etc., as you specified in your letter to Fran.

I wish I could be as encouraging concerning the rest of the matter. If Mueller has not already told you, then I am sure Bankhali will, in his usual detail. All I know is what I saw, or could learn from Geneva.

When Mueller and I arrived, the huts had already been destroyed, and Janson and his little band of toughs had half the tribe in his control. The transmitter tower had been set aflame, and two of Grace's cats had diarrhea.

What do you wish me to do with the Anglican minister, who, after all, was never directly responsible for what happened at the club, and will, next month have been in the basement a year? And how about Carter? Does he know about Fran, or doesn't he buy those types of magazine? Sometimes he does not appear to me to be as pure and holy as he would have us all believe. Do you wish me to attend the railway meeting, or should I simply act as if Geneva (and Fayette, Iowa, for that matter) had never contacted the school? Will this irritate Bankhali all the more, or will it only mean that it will be April '64 *all* over again?

Write to Fran, if you prefer, as I still have access to the bathhouse and can always get my hands on her mail. She is still in close touch with Beard and Kenny, but I get the impression that this is only part of being a dentist's wife. Anyway, it is she who has the report, and not Mueller. Thank God for little mercies.

I will be in New York shortly, before Eberts returns from Uruguay, and I will get into 21st Century Publishing myself. I see no reason why we can't sit for a hot-dog, and work out the guilt issue.

Andrew i
Zanzibar

ATTENTION ALL MAGAZINE RETAILERS

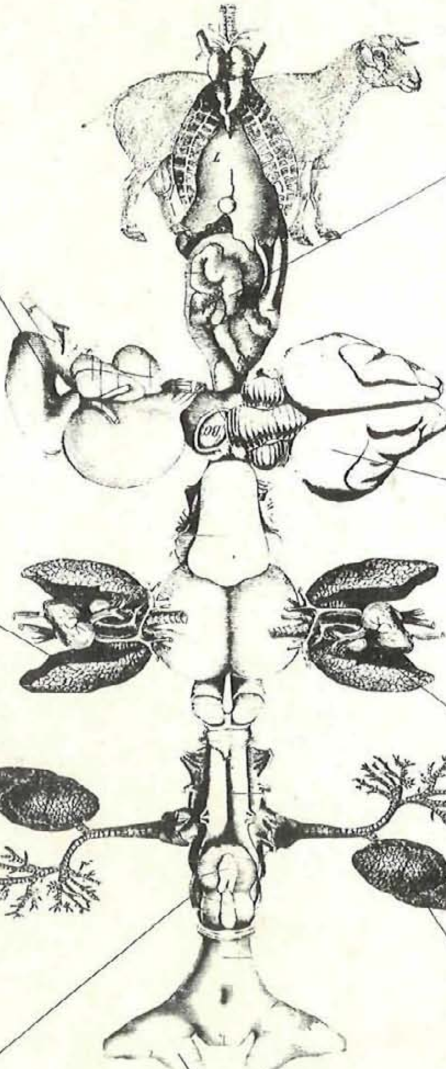
Independent News Company, Inc., is pleased to announce a Retail Display Plan available to all retailers interested in earning a display allowance on the **National Lampoon Magazine.** To obtain details and copy of the formal contract, please write to Marketing Department, Independent News Company, Inc., 909 3rd Avenue, New York, New York, 10022. (Attn. Mr. Paul Hendershott.) Under the Retail Display Plan, in consideration of your acceptance and fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon your request, you will receive a display allowance of 10 per cent of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective with all issues of the **National Lampoon Magazine** delivered to you subsequent to the date your written acceptance of the formal Independent News Co., Inc., Retail Agreement is received and accepted by our company.





Horrorscope

Haruspicy (hă rŭs´pĭ sē) n.; *L. haruspicium.* The divining of future events through the reading of entrails from sacrificial animals.



April 20, 1970 (*gall*): **Raquel Welch,** short-fused cinematic sex bomb, appears in Hollywood Hills District Court today to file charges of "violent and fresh behavior" against noted gynecologist Dr. Ulbricht Shapiro, whom she apparently mistook for a *psych*ologist. "Gyno, psycho," Miss Welch is quoted as saying, "no one can tell me that stuff he tried to pull on that screwy couch of his is *legal!*"

April 21, 1970 (*liver*): **Roy Wilkins,** middle-aged, buttoned-down director of the N.A.A.C.P. is honored at a White House luncheon today with a bronzed watermelon.

April 22, 1970 (*pancreas*): Charlie Watts, square-jawed Rolling Stones percussionist, rocks pop enthusiasts by revealing that **Mick Jagger,** rubber-lipped lead vocalist, has been dead for over two years, his identity simulated for live performances by two female impersonators and a trained Angora goat.

April 23, 1970 (*spleen*): Messianic muckraker **Ralph Nader** attacks bathroom plumbing manufacturers for "shoddy workmanship and a cavalier disregard for the simplest precautions." Cites shifty bowl makers for "untold thousands of painful pinchings, slippings and near-fatal drownings." Plans new exposé tentatively titled *Unsafe at Any Seating.*

April 24, 1970 (*prostate*): Aging, fast-talking **L. Mendel Rivers,** Chairman of the House Committee on Armed Services, announces that U.S. troops in Vietnam will be equipped from now on with top secret "Cong-Seeker" 22-caliber bullets. "These here specially designed rounds," Rivers states, "are equipped with tiny homing devices that only zero in on known Communist insurgents, and cannot be 'fooled' by the old ploy of gooks disguising themselves as women and children."

April 25, 1970 (*bladder*): Normally ice-cube cool TV host **Johnny Carson** astounds video audiences when he calls guest **Charles de Gaulle** "a pompous, decrepit frog." Audience is delighted when *mon Général* quips, "Eef you touch your theeng as often as you touch your necktie, eet ees no wonder eet dropped off."

April 27, 1970 (*secrets*): **Pope Paul VI,** spiritual leader of nearly 700 million Catholics, repeals old dress restrictions on clergy and appears to crowds on Vatican balcony in silk turtleneck, gold lamé bellbottoms and white go-go boots. Later, official Vatican spokesman states His Holiness "has been working for his flock too hard" and is retiring to the country for a much-needed rest.

April 28, 1970 (*giblets*): Ex Joe McCarthy legal eagle **Roy M. Cohn** is given kudos by Rochester, N.Y., chapter of the John Birch Society. After celebration, Birch officials find $600 in silverware missing along with $17.50 in leftover creamed chicken.

April 29, 1970 (*kielbasa*): **James "Big Jim" Garrison,** colorful New Orleans D.A., uncovers "startling new evidence" in his never-ending conspiracy investigation. Calls Federal judges' refusal to exhume Checkers from Nixon burial plot "just another example of C.I.A. interference with the real truth."

April 30, 1970 (*stuffing*): **Reverend Billy Graham** performs famous "walking on the waters" finale before 50,000 gaping faithful at Atlantic City, N.J. Later discovered attempting to hide a pair of inflatable pontoons in suitcase. Graham states, "The Lord works in strange and wondrous ways," and refuses further comment. □


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Mrs. Agnew's Diary



PHOTO: UPI

Dear Diary:

Today was so exciting! Pat and Dick called up this morning to invite us to lunch in the upstairs room! Spiggy said that he thought Dick had something up his sleeve again because Pat only invites us upstairs when Dick wants to make a big deal impression. I said not to worry because everybody had forgotten Spiggy's little fluff at the National Gallery dinner. Personally, I can never tell one of those silly modern paintings from another, either. I got out the little tape recorder and Spiggy's good suit, the one that Pat is so crazy about with the two little vents in the back. Pat is so charming! I only wish I had that willowy look. As a matter of fact, Dear Diary, I once even asked Spiggy if he ever wished I were as willowy as Pat. I don't think he heard me, though. He has so many things on his mind all the time. I'm so proud of him, even with what he said about mother last night.

But there I go again. Before we left, I practically had to slap Spiggy's hands in the kitchen. Always nibble, nibble, nibble. Listen, I told him, we're invited *out* to lunch and you don't *need* that sandwich. But it's always the same answer. A man's got to have fuel. I suppose I do keep at him a bit, but he's so concerned about his weight. I almost wonder if it isn't all those terrible things the *Post* said about the way his suits looked on him. I think it was terrible what they said.

As I was getting ready to go, the Mitchells called up and asked me to ask Spiggy if we wanted to go to a show and have fruit punch after at their place. Spiggy said to tell them no because if he had heard his Roosevelt stories once, he'd heard them a million times. I can see what he means. Binky is the same way about the Kennedys. She may be right, but I don't think we should *really* trade them for the Russian communists, I mean, where would we put them all, for one thing? John says Binky is very opinionated and that's why he loves her. Keeps him on his toes, he says. One thing you can say for John, he's always on his toes.

Well, I told them thanks but not tonight. Then, no sooner do I hang up then the phone rings again. This time it's Bebe Rebozo calling long distance from Florida. Collect. The nerve of some people. Even the kids know better than to call collect, what with somebody from Dick's office checking our phone bills all the time. Spiggy says Dick's only trying to cut expenses, but I think he goes overboard sometimes. Anyway, Bebe is Dick's friend, and if he wants to put up some clients in Washington, why doesn't he call up Dick? I think Spiggy is still annoyed at Dick for saddling us with the Deweys last month. He said Tom's goddam piano kept him up three nights in a row. I didn't mind, though. Tom's moustache looks so distinguished. I asked Spiggy why he didn't grow a moustache and look distinguished, but he said he didn't want anybody to get the wrong idea and think he was going "way out" or something. I can see his point. He has so many responsibilities. Anyway, I told Bebe his friends could stay if they didn't play the piano and I'd like to talk longer but I had to finish dressing so we could go have lunch with the Nixons. Upstairs.

I told Juan to get the car, then I made some peanut butters for the kids in case they were hungry. As we were driving to Pat and Dick's, Spiggy kept on saying that he wondered what Dick had up his sleeve this time. I thought maybe we were going on another trip around the world, but Spiggy didn't think so. Then he wanted to stop at Barney's and have Juan get him a cheeseburger, but I put my foot down. But Spiggy said if he had any more of that Goddamn meat loaf and cottage cheese they always serve, he'd get sick all over the rug. So I finally said all right. A man has to have fuel, I suppose.

Well, when we arrived, Pat met us at the gate and we went up in the private elevator. Dick was there at the top and shook both our hands and said they hoped we liked meat loaf. I think Spiggy made a face. Well, we chatted for a while before we sat down and Dick thought maybe Hank Kissinger was getting a bit too-too lately. (*I* think he is.) But Spiggy gave me a look and said he didn't think so because, as far as he was concerned, Hank wasn't half as too-too as Dan Moynihan.

Finally, Spiggy asked Dick straight out what was on his mind. Dick sort of stopped eating and said he was very glad he asked him that question because the boys downstairs (Dick always calls them the boys downstairs) had told him that there was a lot of loose talk going around that he, Dick, that is, wasn't telling the newspapers enough news, and would Spiggy make a speech telling those clowns that they know too much as it is. Spiggy said sure, and that I could help him edit it, just like the last one! I was thrilled, and Dick's right, too, because some of the things those people say about us aren't even true in the first place. I mean, for example, Spiggy doesn't even *own* a bowling shirt, and that's what I told Dick.

Just then, Pat sort of coughed and got up saying she had to see the maid about the cat, which seems odd now, because I was sure Pat *hates* cats. Personally, I like cats, but I didn't know Pat and Dick did. I think cats are cute.

So finally, Spiggy and I got back in the car about 3 o'clock after saying good-bye and he started to make up his speech, which I'm going to help him with. In fact, Dear Diary, I've got to go right now because Spiggy wants me to look up how to spell "egregiously." He says he thinks it means "bad."

All for now,
Judy





Why an automatic turntable from Swindon, England has made it big in the States.

At the risk of seeming immodest, we've had a smashing success in the United States.

There are more Garrards being used in component stereo systems here than all other makes combined.

Even *we* find this a curious fact.

But the die was cast thirty-odd years ago.

Not parity, but superiority

H. V. Slade, then Managing Director of Garrard Limited, decreed, "We will sell a Garrard in the U.S. *only* when it is more advanced than any machine made there."



H.V. Slade (1889—1961)

A commitment to, not parity, but absolute superiority.

Spurred by it, Garrard of England has been responsible for every major innovation in automatic turntables.

In the thirties, Garrard pioneered the principle of two-point record support. Still the safest known method of record handling. Oddly, still a Garrard exclusive.

In the forties, we introduced the aluminum tone arm. Today, widely used by makers of fine equipment.

By 1961, increasingly sensitive cartridges had led us to adapt a feature originally developed for professional turntables: the dynamically balanced tone arm, with a movable counterweight to neutralize the arm and an adjustment to add precisely the correct stylus tracking force.

In 1964, we added an anti-skating control, and patented the sliding weight design that makes it permanently accurate.

Then, in 1967, Garrard engineers perfected the Synchro-Lab motor, a revolutionary two-stage synchronous motor.

The induction portion supplies the power to reach playing speed instantly. The synchronous section then "locks in" to the 60-cycle frequency of the current to give unvarying speed despite variations in voltage.

"We're bloody flattered"

This year one of our competitors has introduced a copy of our Synchro-Lab motor on its most expensive model.

To quote Alan Say, our Head of Engineering, "We're bloody flattered.

"After all, being imitated is a rather good measure of how significant an innovation really is."

The new Garrard SL95B features still another development we expect will become an industry standard.

Garrard's viscous damped tone arm descent—originally offered to provide gentler, safer cueing—now operates in automatic cycle as well.

It seems only logical. Yet, for the present at least, it is another Garrard exclusive.

Other 1970 Garrard refinements include a counterweight adjustment screw for balancing the tone arm to within a hundredth of a gram. A window scale on the tone arm for the stylus force gauge. And a larger, more precise version of our anti-skating control.

Un-innovating

At the same time, we've eliminated a feature we once pioneered. A bit of un-innovating, you might say.

Garrard's disappearing record platform is disappearing for good.

We've replaced it with a non-disappearing record platform. A larger, stronger support with an easy-to-grasp clip that fits surely over the stack.

A small thing, perhaps.

But another indication that H.V.'s commitment remains with us.

$44.50 to $129.50

Garrard standards do not vary with price. Only the degree of refinement possible for the money.

There are six Garrard component models from the SL95B automatic turntable (above) for $129.50 to the 40B at $44.50.

Your dealer can help you arrive at the optimum choice for your system.

Garrard

British Industries Co., a division of Avnet, Inc.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN



"April is the cruelest month," wrote the white poet T. S. Eliot, and not without reason. In white suburbia, the kids are happily helping honkey dad polish up the Country Squire and the brass flamingo, but in the black ghetto most of our cats have never had the opportunity to even see a brass flamingo, and the few who *have* were probably so hungry they tried to eat it. It is little wonder that many well-intentioned but misguided "militant" black brothers are shunning whitey's "liberal" attempts at social integration and are making up rag fuses for cocktail parties of their own.

In the past, such white groups as the National Urban Coalition Of Guilty Corporation Vice-Presidents have given the black man the chance to trade his push-broom for a pushbutton telephone and a meaningful position within corporation management. But such programs, usually dubbed something like "Project Up, Up and Away!" more often than not turn out to be liberal lead balloons.

The real reason that these programs have failed is a basic lack of communication between the culturally naive white manager and the inner-city-bred black employee. What to whitey is "very stylish" is, in the colorful language of our people, "very hep to the jive." The frequent misunderstandings that arise over such differences in vocabulary and nuance can lead to an embarrassing *faux pas,* and what is worse, lower productivity.

If the white employer ever expects to develop a relaxed rapport with his new, black employee, he would do well to study carefully the following lexicon of common black terms. When fully conversant with them, he will find himself well along the road to Mutual Understanding.

Uptight (ŭp tīt) adj. Literally, "disquieted over a present or impending ill." A black executive will become *uptight* if pointedly offered watermelon at a business luncheon.

Out of Sight (out of sit) adj. "Of an excellent character." When greeting a new trainee, the employer should immediately show his sensitivity to the black struggle for equality by raising his right fist and exclaiming, "Hey, there, fellow, you're black and you're proud!" The employee will be flattered at such *savoir faire* and will respond, "Yes, indeed, and you're white and *out of sight*!"

Fox (foks) n. "An attractive woman; a wife or female with whom intimacies may be shared." A diplomatic white employer should always inquire after the healtn of his black employee's *fox.* (He should *not,* however, inquire after the health of said *fox's cubs.* He may use the term "little foxes" for the "children" if the black employee's name happens to actually *be* "Fox" or, by some quirk, Lillian Hellman.)

Fly (fli) adj. "Attractive to the opposite sex." Upon first meeting, say at the company picnic, the wise employer compliments his black employee on the *flyness of his fox.* He should assure the couple that this is neither *jive* (prevarication) nor *hype* (exaggeration). An employer who is known to be a mere talker of *trash* (insincere banter) will soon find himself labeled a *creep.*

Gig (gig) n. "An individual's vocation or avocation." Frequent participation in yacht club races can be fairly considered a *gig.*

Bread (brĕd) n. "Legal tender," "stock certificates" or, literally, "stuff that you give to somebody to get something else instead of."

Slave (slāv) n. "A gig for bread." Often colorfully termed a *job,* or, less frequently, *employment.*

Dudes (dudz) n. "Clothing" or "wearing apparel." If the black employee's personal appearance is important to his work, he should be informed tactfully that *bad dudes are an essential for your gig, man.* (*Bad,* it should be noted here, means "good," or "nifty." Another term for "good" is *boss,* but it is suggested that white employers avoid the tempting pun when devising light-hearted remarks.)

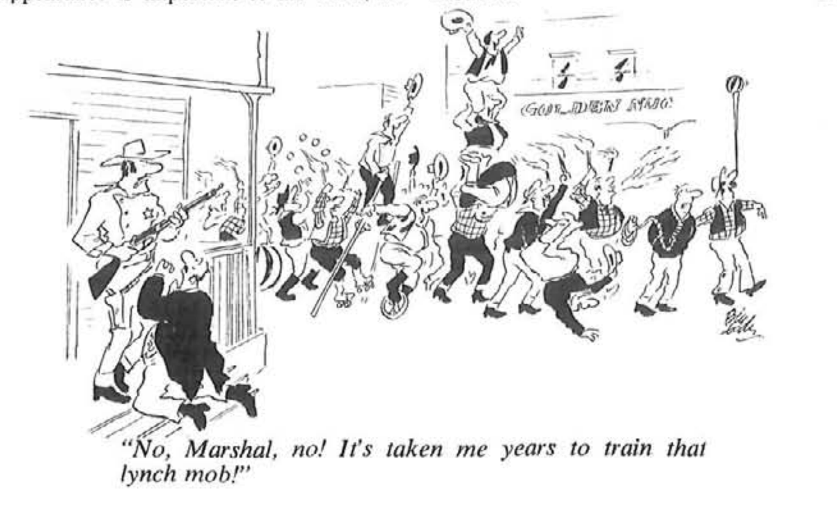
Where it's at (wār ĭts ăt) adj. "Appropriate," "fashionable" or "important." This is an extremely popular phrase among black employees and should be used with liberality. Retirement plans, promotional campaigns and the company's new valve-grinding machines may all be safely described as *where it's at.* (Use this term correctly and soon your black workers will heartily agree that *you* are also *where it's at!)*

Split (split) v. "To depart, leave, or go away from." Various forms of *split* are in common use, and each form has a subtly different meaning. Three of the most well-known *splits* are the *stock, rail,* and *banana.*

Together (tō gĕth´er) adj. "State of maximum self-confidence; an optimum coordination of abilities." (If the employer is *together,* his employees are much less likely to *split.*

Sock it to me (sŏk it too´ mē) interj. "An exclamation requesting any form of interpersonal energy release." Do not confuse with the unrelated fiduciary exhortation, *sock it away.*

Soul brother (sōl brŏ thĕr) n. "Fellow black employee," used to express racial solidarity. The employer should take pains to respect the mutual bonds of loyalty that exist among his black employees. He may also impress upon his black executives that success in a corporate structure may require occasional competition with, and the outmaneuvering of, his fellow *soul brothers.* □



"No, Marshal, no! It's taken me years to train that lynch mob!"


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FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

Jean-Claude Lunch



Emil Durkheim





Rudolph Bentworsky



Cleo Moore

PEOPLE ARE....

By Tamara Gould

PEOPLE ARE ABSOLUTELY DYING . . . to crash the tiny, tiny little dinners Principe Romulus de Remus gives for the most important people in Europe. Il Principe (who comes from *the* oldest Roman family) is Secretary General of the League of Nations. The League is doing reams of important work *in a quiet way,* unraveling prickly plebiscite problems left over from World War I (*the* war as far as everyone rich and chic in Europe is concerned), and his many, many diplomatic duties scarcely leave the principe an ounce of time to devote to his billion-dollar (or is it lira?) cosmetic empire.

PEOPLE ARE FRANTIC WITH WORRY . . . about Cleo Moore, whom no one has seen since the middle 1950's. Cleo's the big blonde (everyone loved her) who made her name as "The Long Kiss Girl" by kissing people for minutes and hours on end. *Plus ça change*. . . . We happen to know that Cleo, who's very much into the whole exciting Women's Liberation thing these days, has had her lips removed as her own *very personal* protest against masculine exploitation and is now living in seclusion in Boca Raton, Fla.

PEOPLE ARE SURPRISED . . . at how quickly the whole Black Power-Civil Rights balloon burst. . . . *We're* not. . . . All that talk-talk-talk about "oppression"—so negative, so shrill, so *unfun*. Too bad, because *properly promoted*, that divine black skin could have become *fashion law*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *crime*, petite crime, street crime, up-tight, middle-of-the-night crime . . . LATEST FLASH—absolutely too thrilling to ram through the chicest store in town (where you have an impeccable charge, *of course!*) and simply slather yourself all over with *shoplifted goodies*. . . . Unbreakable Rule: Don't take a thing you really truly want. If you get caught (too amusing), you just charge it all and return it the next day. If you get away scot-free-as-a-bird, use your "haul" for stocking-stuffers—or chuck it down the garbage disposal.

PEOPLE ARE REVIVING . . . our priceless religious heritage. Buy a starched *nun's habit* white-as-the-snow with just a heavenly *hint* of an empire waist—or an antique reliquary studded with jewels just too precious. . . . Break the trust wide open and splurge on an old church (any denomination but Lutheran will do) that can be moved piece by sacred piece to the Hamptons and used as a beach house. . . . Invite a minister (Episcopalian is nicest) to dinner and make him recite those charming, old-as-the-hills *creeds and blessings*. It's freaky, *but people are doing it*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Jean-Claude Lunch: 76, curly gray hair, stands straight as a ramrod, from the oldest family in Bruges, and absolutely, unpredictably VIOLENT. His book, *The Theatre of the Whip,* swims in every mind truly devoted to theater and anti-theater. If you are in Bruges, a small fortune (and a raft of references from such people as Principe Romulus de Remus) will get you tickets to Lunch's staging of *Death of a Salesman,* the only play our Jean-Claude regards as worth the trouble. Sometimes, he puts members of the very small, very select audience in great vats of cream. As they thrash around, the cream turns to butter. It's freaky, *but people are doing it!*

PEOPLE ARE FLOCKING . . . to Dr. Rudolph Bentworsky, a precious poltergeist of a Pole who is simply *redoing* the eyes of everyone enviable you've ever envied. Contessa Porsena (the chic sister of Principe Romulus de Remus) floored everyone at the Bruges premiere of Jean-Claude Lunch's *Death of a Salesman* when she arrived after having her *eyelids icicled* by Dr. Bentworsky. In this short, painless operation, Dr. Bentworsky singes off the natural growth of eyelash with a blowtorch; then, in a special "deep cold" room in his Upper East Side town house, he carefully uses an eyedropper to place tiny drops of liquid on the scarred lid. Sooner or later, beautiful little icicles begin to form on the scar tissue and the effect is . . . magic!

PEOPLE ARE CAPTIVATED BY . . . Emile Durkheim, society's newest cult figure. Emile's best-selling *Le Suicide* is on every credenza and prie-dieu. Emile's unique importance lies in the fact that he believes that religion and morality originate in the collective mind of society, which is quite amusing if you stop to think about it. *People are wondering* whether Emile and the vivacious Mme. Durkheim will be staying at the Palm Beach house of Mrs. Stephen (Laddie) Sanford again this winter, or whether they'll stay in their beloved Paris, where Emile is legally dead. □



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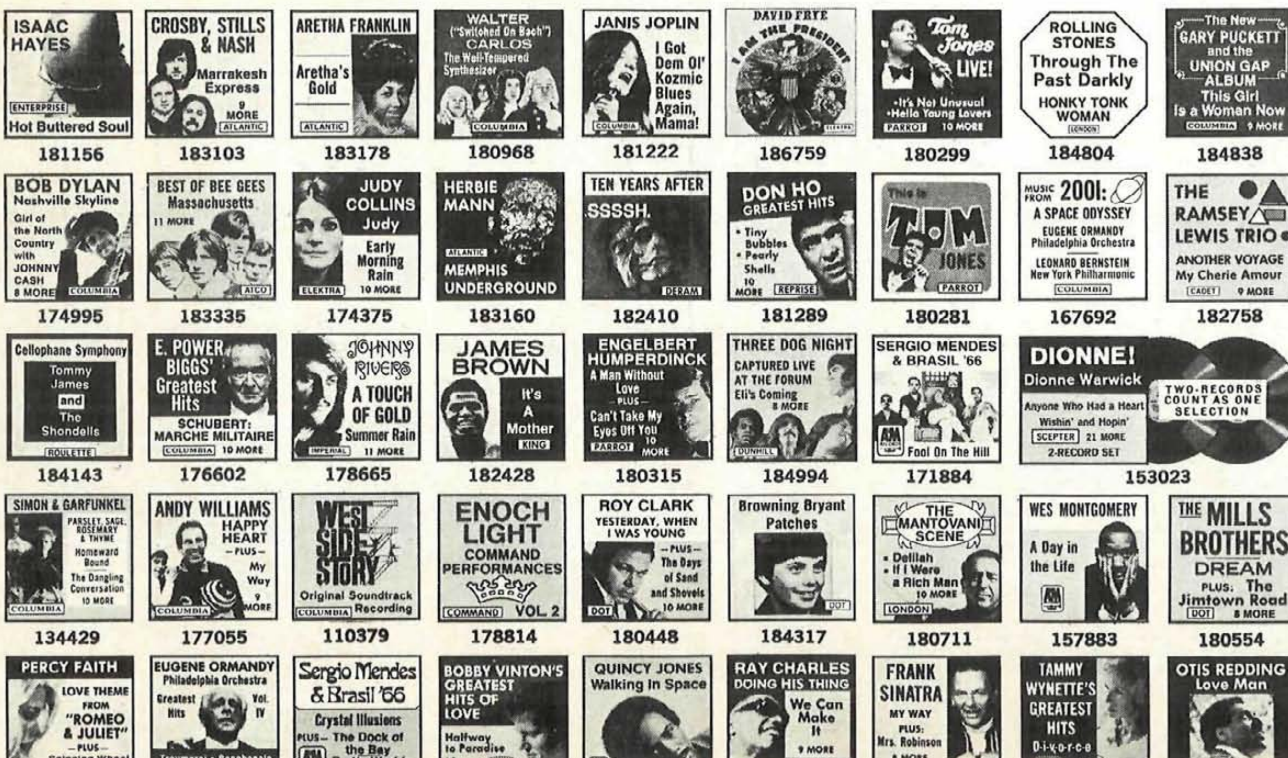
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COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Ind. (CRC) *Where smart buyers shop for hits!*



Son of Homo Sapiens

It's no good, MFLXX, the Martian Death-Ray Doesn't Even Slow Them Down.

The nasty cathode glow your TV casts as it shows the astronauts on the moon may not reduce you to an ashy by-product, but, alas, it is the dread destructo ray itself for science fiction monster films. They have gone, gurgling and smoking all the way, to an obscure grave, the victims, appropriately enough, of the same phalanx of faceless scientists whose oxygen destroyers and atomic depilators cut down Godzilla, Mothra, and the Brain from Planet Arous in the first flower of youth. It is a great loss, although it is tempered somewhat by the recent appearance on the *Late Show* of many of the old classics, and if someone will produce a brainometer or a nasograph or something, I will demonstrate beyond a doubt that the average viewer finds the spectacle of great flannel-and-chicken-wire behemoths puttering around in model train layouts considerably more exciting than the sight of a pair of Air Force colonels scouring the surface of the moon for gift paperweights. Unfortunately, the networks have a habit of cutting crucial segments from these films and replacing them with commercials, but I was there when this herd of 50-foot turkeys made their first noisy sweep through neighborhood theaters, and I have been able to reconstruct from memory, with the aid of the remarkable mnemonoscope, a few of the missing scenes. (Don't look at me like that, Jameson. I know what I saw.)

For example, in *Attack of the Annoying Saucer People*, there is a suspenseful scene in the headquarters of the newly formed United World Headquarters for Planetary Defense. The UWHFPD occupies a large bureaucratic-looking room filled with teletypes, fans and desk models of the B-36. Through the window is visible the Washington Monument, the Capitol, the Statue of Liberty and Mount Rushmore. There are about a hundred people milling around, mostly Air Force colonels, a few of whom look oddly familiar, but there are a couple of greasers in the telltale bellhop garb of foreign powers, and they give the whole scene an unmistakably international air. A clerk rushes into the room and approaches a general (American) who is studying an oil company map of Delaware into which a great many pins have been stuck.

CLERK: General Bryce, sir, radar's spotted 40 of them coming in over the Potomac.
FOREIGN OFFICER: Well, *mon General*, what eez it zat we do now?
BRYCE: There's only one thing to do. Activate Plan B.

At moments of suspense, like this, people often wonder if there is any cure, short of actual surgery, that is, for persistent psoriasis, and the networks have a way of knowing that sort of thing, so the following scene is lost.

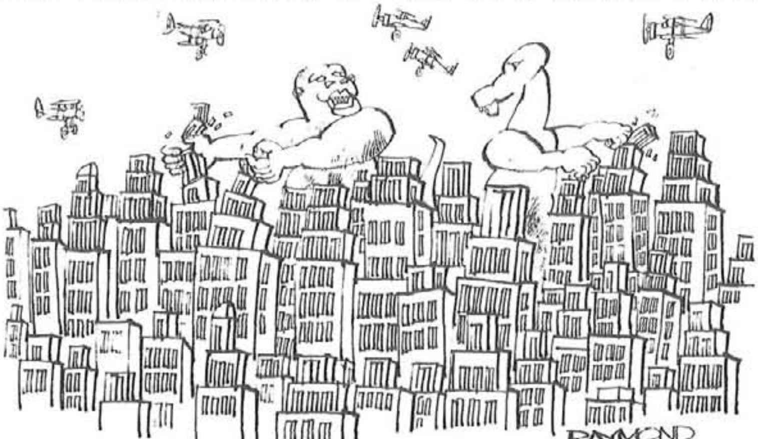
Cut to a flying saucer high above Chesapeake Bay. The interior closely resembles that of a '54 DeSoto except for a large, glowing fish tank which is emitting cacophonous shrieks. Two green and scaly looking creatures are seated on cut-down Sealy posturpedics. One of them is looking through a viewfinder much like the ones to be found at scenic spots, even to the coin slot.

MFLLX: I know this is going to sound silly, but it looks like they're shooting some of those old V-2's at us. There's a Nike in there, too, and, Jesus, there's the Goodyear blimp.
GFLLX: Let me see.
MFLLX: Hey, and they've dragged all those battleships out of mothballs. The Chesapeake looks like a yacht basin.
GFLLX: Let's think this thing over.
MFLLX: Oh, come on, we can turn them into mush.
GFLLX: But why Washington? You know that just drives them nuts. Why not Baltimore or Wilmington or something?
MFLLX: A couple of lousy rockets and you're ready to go back to Mars. You want to spend the rest of your life harvesting canal slime?
GFLLX: Travel, adventure—a pushover. Swell. Nobody said anything about three billion raving lunatics with atom bombs. And what if some obscure scientist discovers the magnetic spyrofonic gyroscliff? After all, they've got dishwashers and the electric toothbrush.
MFLLX: Relax, relax, this is going to be like shooting fish in a barrel.

If you missed seeing *Attack* in the original, then it's dollars to dacron dinosaurs that you also missed *Return of the Sizable Beasts*, an early Japanese vehicle for the entire population of Osaka. It is a genuine, oven-ready Tom with a dressed weight of six tons, and it made a nice three-point landing in every Orpheum in North America in 1953. Early in the film, shortly after the last toothsome scow from Japan's once proud fishing fleet has been digested by mysterious creatures whom the terrified and superstitious natives refer to as "Matsushita" or "They of the Low Budget," Colonel Nammamura pays a visit on Dr. Mammanura in the latter's secret laboratory. Dr. Mammanura, with the aid of a vacuum cleaner, a hastily assembled erector set and an ingenious combination world globe and pencil sharpener, has just explained to the Colonel the principle of the atom pulverizer.

COL. N.: That's all very well, Doctor Mammanura, but what if these beasts go for the cities? Think of the destruction.
DR. M.: Ah, yes.
COL. N.: And even if it works, that atom pulverizer of yours won't be ready for a week. What do we do if they strike before then?
DR. M.: Pray, Colonel, pray.

During the commercial, we cut to a cavern deep under the sea. In the center of the chamber is a large slab of basalt piled with travel folders, brochures and almanacs.


"Son of Gargantua? Good heavens, your father and I are old friends!"

Arranged around the room are Velveeta, Gorgonzola, the Thing and the Beast Who Couldn't Let It Alone.

VELVEETA: Listen to this. (reading) "The Eiffel Tower, long a symbol of Paris, towers 834 meters above the colorful Jardin des Pouces. Built entirely of wrought iron, it is considered a marvel of engineering."

THE THING: Kid stuff, Vel. The Empire State Building is twice as tall, and I see here that on a weekday it contains as many people as the city of Macon, Georgia.

GORGONZOLA: Nah, too flashy. How about the Golden Gate Bridge, which leaps 1,250 feet in a single span of steel and whose cables, if placed end to end, would circle the earth eight times? Or the Grand Coulee Dam? Over 4,000 people worked for three years to raise its mighty bulk.

THE BEAST: Wait just a minute. It says here that Tokyo, with 9.5 million inhabitants, is the largest city in the world. It's a natural.

VELVEETA: Tokyo, Japan?

THE BEAST: Sure, why not? It's got everything—elevated trains, skyscrapers, delicate gardens and enchanted temples to treat the most jaded traveler to new delights, and even a copy of the Eiffel Tower. I figure we could do the place in a week.

THE THING: I'm game.

GORGONZOLA: Okay by me.

VELVEETA: Oh, all right, but I've got dibsies on that tower.

Invasion from Planetoid X, yet another intergalactic gobbler, opens in the observatory of famed Mt. Belljar, perched high atop a cliff in California's scenic Sierra Nevadas, where sightings of flying saucers and, in some cases, entire services for eight, are common. Seated at the great 84-inch instrument is Professor Howard Corliss. Ralph Dennison and Sarah Perkins, his gifted assistants, are seated at a table nearby, calculating, just for fun, how long it would take to roller skate to Alpha Centauri.

PROF. CORLISS: Come here, Dennison. Take a look at this.

DENNISON: What is it, Professor?

PROF. C.: Those lights in the Sea of Ulcers. They're back again.

DENNISON: I wonder what they are?

PROF. C.: Not what, Dennison, *who.*

SARAH P.: You mean . . . ?

CORLISS: Exactly.

DENNISON: Are they friend or foe?

CORLISS: Only time can answer that.

Here the commercial preempts a scene in a cramped beryllium and preposterosium dome on the surface of the moon. Two beings are seated at a makeshift table constructed out of an old disintegrator crate. It is easy to tell that they are creatures of great intelligence. They have bald heads the size of beach balls, close fitting tunics made of pressed tinsel, and flashlights under their chins. On the

table are several sheets of scribbled-on tinfoil, and the floor is littered with mushed-up pieces of aluminum foolscap.

VEEDOL: How's this. "People of Earth, we come as friends from beyond the stars, bringing the fruits of an advanced science and the good wishes of the Galactic Empire."

NYTOL: Galactic Empire, pooh. Two dwarf stars and 16 planets, half of which don't even rotate. And the fruits of science! We have 600 electronic pen and pencil sets, a dozen immortality machines and the cure for cancer. They'll tear us apart.

VEEDOL: Well, maybe you're right. Let's give them a few hundred repetitions of the Pythagorean theorem or the times-2 tables on some cabdriver's frequency, then zip back and file a No Contact.

NYTOL: I've got a better idea. We land in some deserted mountain range and get the lay of the land, then we stun the first dozen of them we find with the zircon ray, put them in the freeze and vamoose. You know what the market is like for weird pets. We'll be rich.

VEEDOL: I don't know. I just don't know.

In *Battle of the Behemoths*, there is an unforgettable scene in an apartment high above a major city. The place is pretty badly torn up. The window is smashed in, the door is on one hinge and the walls are covered with claw scratches and crude remarks. Into the room rush Sam Fisher, reporter from the *Daily Toll-Call*, and a maid.

MAID: Jeez, this place is some mess.

FISHER: My God, the Blob has taken Barbara. If he . . . if it harms her . . .

MAID: But why would he take her?

FISHER: God only knows.

Commercial. Cut to a deserted valley in the hills beyond town. The Blob and Brontosaura are pacing back and forth, arguing noisily. Barbara is cowering under a huge boulder.

BRONTOSAURA: You spend 100 million years snoozing, then you get a few x-rays from an H-bomb, you wake up, and presto—you're Don Juan. What are you going to do with her? Stick pins in her? Make her into a lamp? Unless you hit the steam room for a couple of million years, she's going to be a little on the wispy side for you.

THE BLOB: Look, I don't know what came over me. One minute I was crushing a subway, and the next thing I know, she's in my hand. I swear.

BRONTOSAURA: Sure, sure. She came running up to you and asked you for a lift. Well, maybe she was asleep in her room, and maybe you're a Class A sickie.

THE BLOB: Look, I'll make it up to you. Anything, you name it.

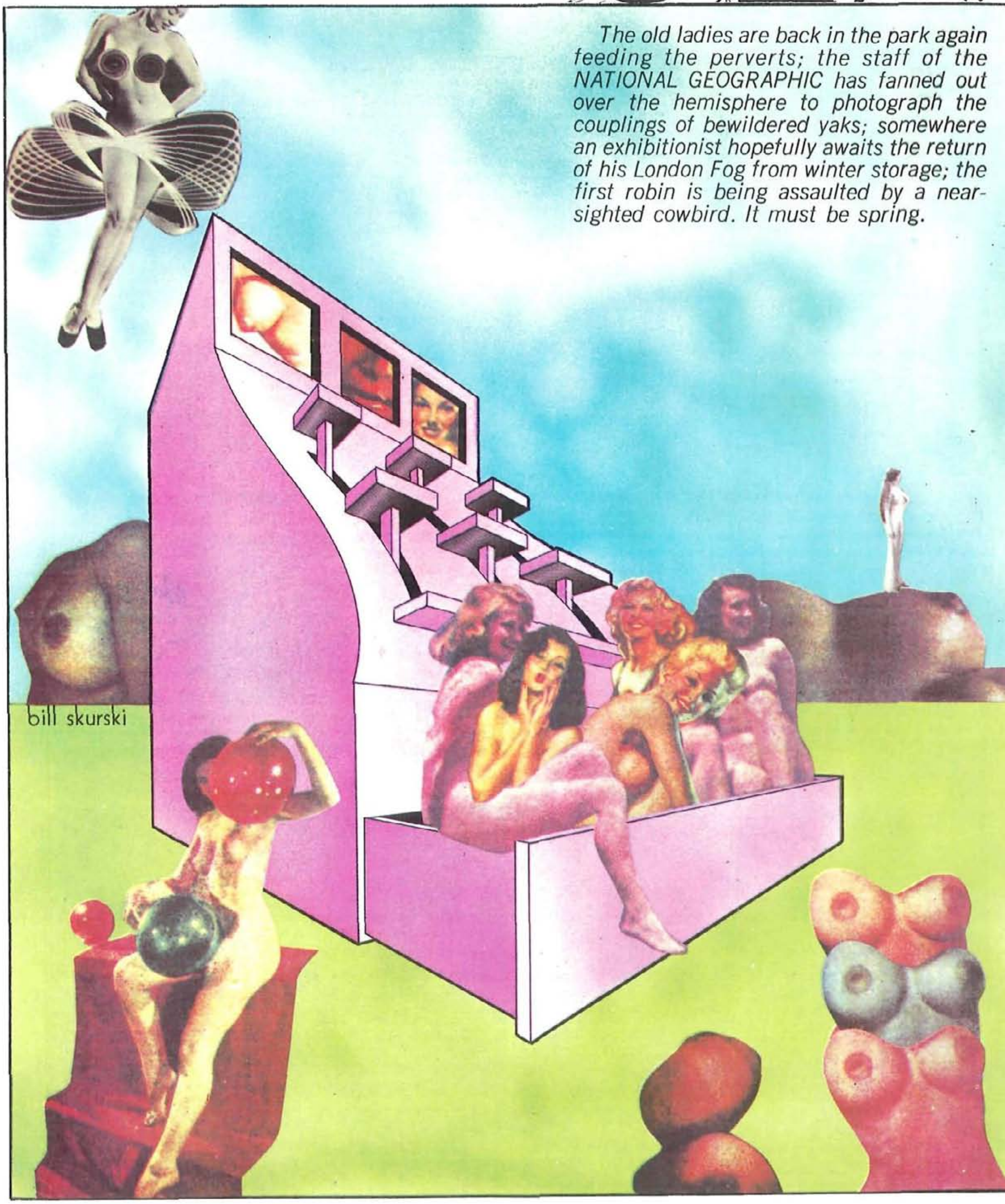
BRONTOSAURA: Okay, buster, how about bringing me a big slice of the Santa Anita Freeway for openers.

THE BLOB: Cripes, give a guy a break.

Blob, old shoe, I know exactly how you feel. ☐

SEX

The old ladies are back in the park again feeding the perverts; the staff of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC has fanned out over the hemisphere to photograph the couplings of bewildered yaks; somewhere an exhibitionist hopefully awaits the return of his London Fog from winter storage; the first robin is being assaulted by a near-sighted cowbird. It must be spring.



SEX THROUGH THE AGES[1]

BY RICHARD ARMOUR

A Historie of Ye-Know What, & Howe It Grewe.



ADAM & EVE STARTING A TREND



The RAPE of the SABINE WOMEN or COURTESY INTERRUPTUS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

Sex has come to loom so large in modern society that it seems timely to consider its origins and examine it in historical perspective. The survey that follows touches only the high spots.[2] It is hoped that this brief study will open the way to further exploration by psychologists, sociologists, sexologists and publishers of pornography.

The word sex comes from the Latin *sexus*, meaning division, and is akin to the verb *secare*, to cut.[3] From this it may be gathered that it takes two to make sex. In the Biblical account of the Creation, as long as Adam was the only human being on earth, there was no such thing as sex. Thus, there was no incentive to discuss Adam's maleness, his libido, birth control or the constitutionality of sex education. The cutting part of Adam (see *secare*, above) to remove a rib and make of it a creature named Eve was the beginning of sex as we know it today.

Eve's eating of the Forbidden Fruit did not, therefore, create sex, only the awareness of it. "I was unaware of sex before," Eve said to Adam. Adam, who was listening none too closely and thought she said "underwear," suddenly realized that they were both stark naked.[4] Instead of turning tail, however, Adam turned tailor. He deftly fashioned for himself a leaf-weight suit, suitable for year-round wear in Eden. How he managed to keep it on, this being before the invention of Scotch tape, still perplexes fashion designers and structural engineers. It may have had something to do with Adam's underpinning, though any pinning over or under had to be done with exquisite care and a steady hand.

1. *Fourteen to eighty.*

2. *Some of which respond interestingly to the touch.*

3. *In French,* sexe *is a four-letter word, and therefore more titillating.*

4. *The folk belief that babies are brought by the stork probably had its origin in the confusion of a "stork, naked" and "stark naked." The latter is the condition in which babies are usually conceived and invariably born.*

SEX IN EGYPT

Egypt lies on both sides of the Nile River. But the ancient Egyptians, as archaeologists have discovered, were not wont to lie on their sides so much as on their backs. This probably should tell us something about their sex life, at least that of their mummies. It was a fertile land.

What went on behind the pyramids we can only imagine. Graffiti were cunningly written in hieroglyphics so that tourists would not know and be embarrassed. In the early 19th century, however, a translation was made by Rosetta Stone.[5] It seems that the pharaohs were half god and half man, roughly corresponding to Upper and Lower Egypt. Had the pharaohs been all god, there is no telling what this would have done to their sex lives.

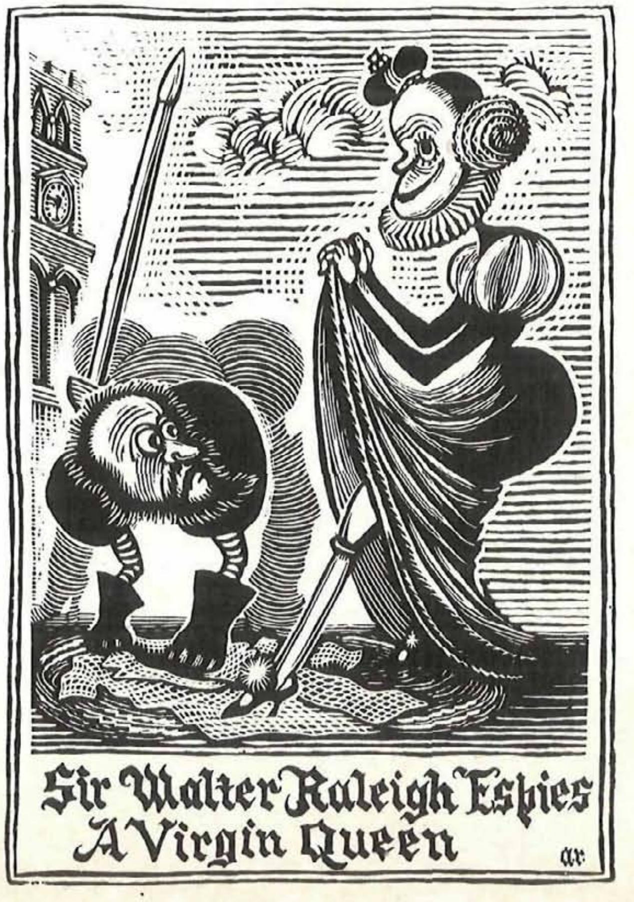
5. Nee *Rose Stein.*

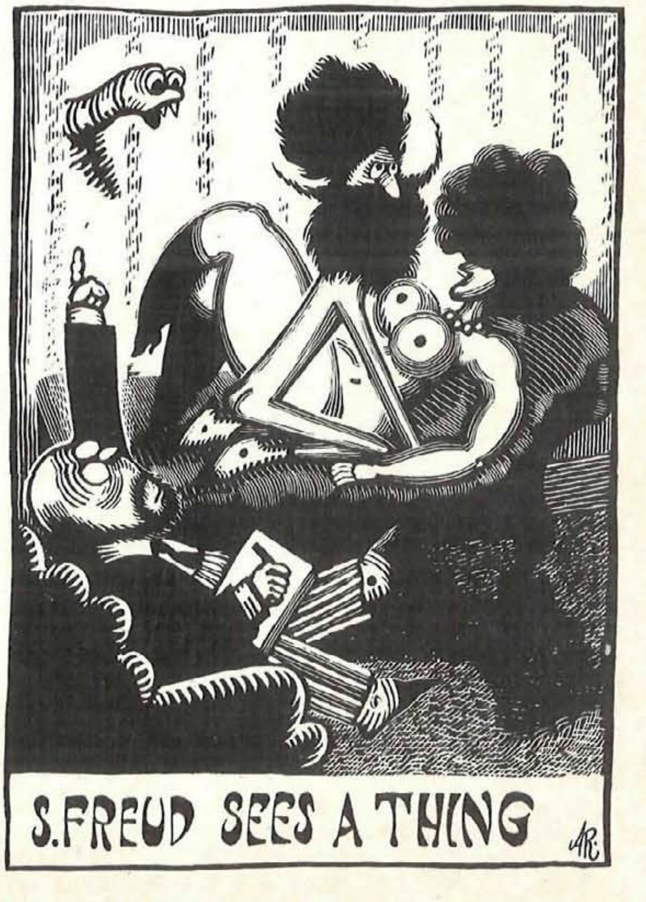
The sex goddess of ancient Egypt was Cleopatra. She mostly sat around in a gauzy skirt and a brass bra, planning conquests. Her first conquest was Julius Caesar, a man about 30 years her senior. He was stout and balding and had little to commend him but his being an emperor, while she was only a queen. He carried her off to Rome, together with other spoils, and spoiled her.

Her second noteworthy conquest was of Mark Antony. When they met, in 42 B.C., after the battle of Philippi, she was dressed as Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love. Antony, who knew his mythology and had an eye for cleavage, took the hint. The fact that he was married did not stop him. After all, his wife was back in Rome and he was in Asia Minor on business and wondering what to do on weekends.[6]

Cleopatra came to a bad end, as do some women (but not all) who play around with married men. She secured an asp, which in those days you could get without a prescription, and coaxed it to give her a poisonous bite. At first, when she placed it on her arm, the asp refused

6. *Another precedent being set. See Arthur Miller's* Death of a Salesman.





to do her bidding. But when she placed it against her breast, the asp thought to himself (he was a male asp), "Oh, what the heck!"[7]

SEX AMONG THE GREEKS AND ROMANS

The Greeks were great lovers of beauty, and it is hard to believe that they admired only friezes and urns. It was an age of manliness, and Greeks were always quick to show their prowess. Though this was long before Freud, there can be no doubt that Greek pillars had a function beyond that of holding up pediments. The Greeks, fond as they were of symbolism, were trying to tell us something.

The Greek gods should have been above carnal lust, but Zeus was forever putting on a disguise and going after some innocent young maiden.[8] Sex was not only extramarital but extra-human. A beautiful young woman who had not been ravished by a god or two must have had little to talk about to her masseuse.

And the Spartans were not practicing physical culture just to fight better. They might sleep on a bed of nails—but not *every* night.

As for the Romans, one need only examine a painting or tapestry of the *Rape of the Sabine Women*, looking closely at the details, to realize that when Roman men went out to get wives, they were impatient with any long period of courting. They knew what they wanted[9] and wasted no time getting it. Anyhow, the Sabine women didn't have to accept Romulus's invitation to the festival. They must have known what was going to happen after the Romans had had a few drinks.[10]

Borrowing from the Dionysian rites of the Greeks, the Romans developed the orgy to a high point of eating, drinking and unadulterated sex. Interestingly, the word orgy goes back to the Greek *ergon*, meaning work. Had you told this to a Roman lying on his back while a beautiful slave-maiden dropped grapes into his mouth, he would have snorted something like, "You call this work?"

Had Roman women declined more Rome would have declined less.

7. For further details about Cleopatra's sex life, see the author's It All Started with Eve.

8. The time he dressed up as a bull and carried off Europa, he was really in character.

9. The buxom type.

10. I have carefully examined the expressions on the faces of the Sabine women in one of the famous paintings of this event, and have come to the conclusion that it was not rape.

11. However, one definition of work is, "exertion of strength or faculties for the accomplishment of something."

SEX IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Sex in the Middle Ages was governed by the Code of Chivalry. This meant that anything a knight could do without getting off his horse *(cheval)* was all right. If, in addition, he kept on his suit of armor, he was trustworthy (or rustworthy), honorable and ingenious.[12]

A knight could win a woman's favors by going on a pilgrimage, winning a joust or slaying a dragon. Having done any of the three, he would present himself to his lady fair and ask, "Prithee, milady, how about those favors?" The lady would drop a glove, and maybe, at the same time, her eyes. If the knight failed to catch them, she would send him on another mission taking six or seven years. While he was gone, she said, she would be chaste.[13] An exception was Chaucer's Wife of Bath, who was not the kind to postpone anything good. She had had five husbands and could hardly wait for the sixth, wondering whether he could teach her anything new about what, in one of her more ladylike moments, she called "the olde daunce."[14]

Despite the Code of Chivalry, this was an era of dirty stories, or *Canterbury Tales*. Almost any story involving natural or unnatural sex relations could be told in mixed company—even in front of monks, friars, parsons and prioresses. In fact, these men and women of the cloth listened the most attentively, since this was their only way of learning about sex.[15]

The sex symbol of the Middle Ages was Queen Guinevere, who was admired by all the knights of King Arthur's court. They all wished they had her, and some, like Lancelot, managed.

12. A medieval maiden carrying a can opener was probably not thinking of protecting herself.

13. And sometimes she was caught.

14. Actually, she knew all the steps, from first to last, and was more likely to give lessons than to take them.

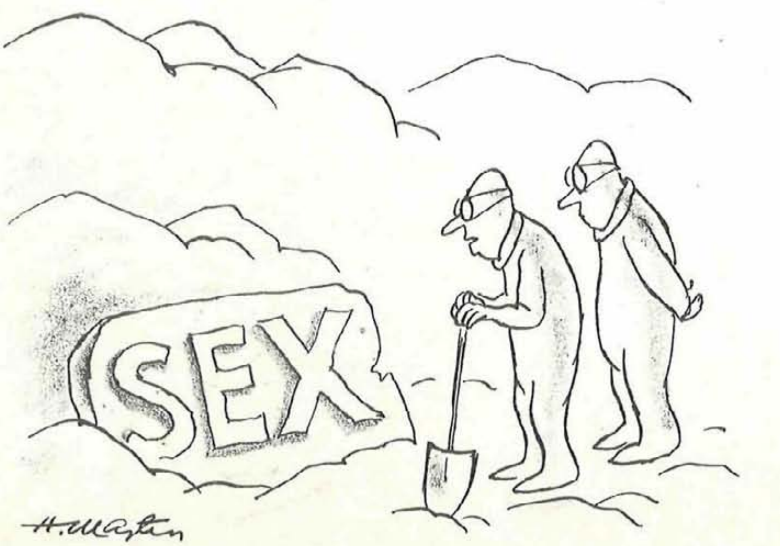
SEX IN THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

The sex symbol of the Elizabethan Age was Queen Elizabeth. Her contribution to the history of sex was her ability to remain a virgin or, more accurately, to be called the Virgin Queen despite Sir Walter Raleigh's every attempt to worm his way into the picture.[16]

The Elizabethan poets sang lustily of sex. Consider such lines as Spenser's "A gentle knight was pricking on the plain" in *The Faerie Queene*, and, in the same poem, his description of Una, a lovely lady with "an Ass more white than snow."

15. Do you honestly believe this?

16. The sex play of Sir Walter's placing his cloak in a puddle and letting the Queen trample on it is obviously some rare form of fetishism. So, also, no doubt, was her having Sir Walter's head cut off, something that gave her great satisfaction. (See the Marquis de Sade.)



"Off the top of my head I'd guess American, mid-twentieth century."

For a nasty sort of perversion, think for a moment [17] about John Donne's "Get with child a mandrake root." This is almost as dirty as Ben Jonson's impudent question in *The Triumph of Charis:* "Have you tasted the bag of the bee?"

Shakespeare, a product of the Elizabethan Age, was always leering at lovers in compromising situations.[18] In *Hamlet*, for example, he has Polonius say of the Prince, "How pregnant his replies sometimes are." Better Hamlet's replies than his daughter, at any rate. On another occasion, Ophelia comes right out and says to her father, regarding Hamlet, "I denied him access to me." She may have posted a sign saying "Do Not Enter Here" or "Road Closed."

Nor did Shakespeare limit his bawdiness to young lovers. In *The Taming of the Shrew,* he describes married sex in such a way as to set matrimony back at least 100 years. And then, in his *Sonnets*, he tells of his own love for a dark lady and a dark laddy. Apparently it didn't matter which sex, as long as it was dark.[19]

SEX IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

For almost 200 years, during the Age of Mistresses, sex was dominated by the French. The only blemish in what might have been an unbroken record of illicit sex was Louis XIV's marriage to his mistress, Madame de Maintenon. Cautious about such an unorthodox and un-French act, Louis delayed until he was nearly 50. Even then, he kept the marriage secret for fear of ridicule from members of his court. Louis XIV is called the Sun King, but some scholars think this is an error caused by a reportorial or typographical slip, and that it should be Fun King.

Louis XV, who came to the throne when he was only 5 years old, was not at once given a mistress. "Play with these for a while," he was told, and for several years he had to get his kicks by pulling up the dresses of dolls and manikins.[20] But with completion of his puberty rites, [21] he was considered able to handle a mistress. His first, a living doll, was Madame de Pompadour. With remarkable endurance, she lasted for 20 years, perhaps because she could now and then hide in one of the hundreds of rooms of Versailles and recuperate. Madame de Pompadour was followed by Madame Du Barry. It is worth noting that when Louis first met her, she was the mistress of the Comte Jean Du Barry. Louis arranged her marriage to the brother of Du Barry, since it was considered more respectable to have a married woman for a mistress.[22]

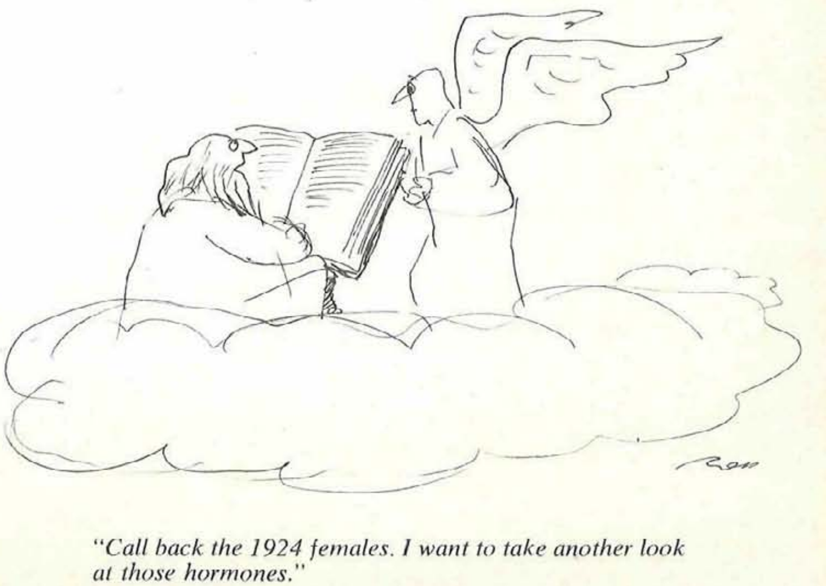
SEX IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The 19th century was a confusing and contradictory period. The same century that produced Queen Victoria produced Havelock Ellis, Baron Richard von Krafft-Ebing and Sigmund Freud. So far as sex is concerned, this was a period of—dare we use the word?—flux.[23] Imagine, if you can, Queen Victoria on a couch and Dr. Freud seated nearby with a pen and notebook. Indeed, imagine Queen Victoria on a couch. Usually she is sitting up very straight in a straight chair, her skirt touching the floor and her legs crossed or held tightly together. "Don't look," she would tell Prince Albert, "I am getting undressed." Whereupon she would take off her hat and gloves.[24]

Ellis and Krafft-Ebing wrote about sex from the standpoints, respectively, of psychology and neurology. By using technical language and pretending to be scientific, they managed to escape censorship. It was Havelock Ellis who wrote: "Without an element of the obscene there can be no true and deep aesthetic or moral conception of life. . . . It is only the great men who are truly obscene." This was a new way of measuring greatness. Even Thomas Bowdler would have found it difficult to expurgate the works of Shakespeare had he read such a statement.[25]

Sigmund Freud, the father of modern psychiatry, believed that sex was at the root of everything.[26] Had it not been for Freud, we might now tell our dreams to anyone who would listen instead of only to a highly paid professional. But for Freud, also, we might think that a small boy's affection for his mother was rather sweet, not knowing that he had an Oedipus complex and required therapy. Freud made it possible for people to speak knowingly about the ego, superego and id. Previously, they had thought id was an abbreviation of *idem* and somehow related to *ibid.*

17. About as long as anyone can stand.
18. Some anti-Stratfordians believe that Shakespeare was actually King Lear, or vice versa.
19. The principle, according to modern sexologists, is that the less you see, the more you feel.
20. To look at their fanikins.
21. "I demand my rites!" he shouted, meaning that he was old enough for the real thing.
22. In discussing sex in the 17th and 18th centuries, I have left out the Puritans of New England. Does anyone mind, really?
23. Typesetters are not always to be trusted.
24. Prince Albert would take off, too—for Afghanistan.
25. Bowdler died 24 years before Havelock Ellis was born. A physician, Bowdler must have known the facts of life, but he saw no reason for others to learn about them.
26. This may be why some consider sex dirty.



"Call back the 1924 females. I want to take another look at those hormones."

SEX TODAY

A relaxed attitude toward sex began shortly after World War I. Even the Kaiser, living in exile in Holland, began to take things easier, removing his helmet while making love.[27]

Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas and other members of the Lost Generation found themselves. They found themselves in Paris, living the life of artists in *pensions, ateliers* and *pissoirs*. Writers came to grips with life, and some, who had just moved in, came to life with grips. Artists painted nudes, being too poor to afford drawing paper. It was one of those fortuitous confluences in history: Paris was full of Americans who had the money and Parisians who had the know-how.[28] Something was sure to come of it.[29]

Repeal of Prohibition had its effect on sex. A plentiful supply of liquor made it possible for a young man to ply a young woman with drink (rather than pliers) until she was completely pliable. A man was forever lifting his glass and saying "Here's how," even though the woman he was addressing[30] needed no instructions, perhaps having been to Paris herself. However, as the Gilded Age drew to a close, it became fashionable for a man to drink out of a glass instead of a lady's slipper, and this was a blow to shoe fetishists.

Talking pictures also had their impact. Movie stars no longer had bee-stung lips,[31] and began to speak for themselves, saying such things as "Yes." Love scenes became more realistic. A woman's pants could now be heard as well as seen.

The stock market crash of 1929 had its effect on sex also. Men jumped out of windows, and not always because the woman's husband had come home unexpectedly. To offset the effects of the Great Depression, women began to get shots of silicone in their breasts, and men began to feel there was still something to live for.[32]

World War II saw the use of the pinup photo to make men forget the horrors of combat. Their imaginations were raised to such a pitch that they began to think the girl waiting for them at home looked like Rita Hayworth or at least would serve the purpose. They were driven almost insane by the desire to pin down what was pinned up.

27. It was a fair trade. He would take off his helmet if the girl would take off her wooden shoes. Once, a young Dutch girl mistakenly sat on his helmet and it almost sent her through the ceiling.

28. Not only the know-how but the can-can

29. Gonorrhea, for instance.

30. Or undressing.

31. Thus throwing millions of bees out of work.

32. Science has not yet been able to do anything comparable for men.

Sex made a great leap forward with the famous nude photograph of Marilyn Monroe, who did more not only for sex but for the calendar than anyone since Pope Gregory XIII.[33] Men are known to have looked at a calendar with Marilyn's photograph on it to see what day of the month it was until the day they were looking up the date for was yesterday.

We now have such sex queens as Raquel Welch and Elizabeth Taylor.[34] With them, sex has reached new dimensions.

Young people learn about sex early. Some learn about it from their parents, some from their teachers, and some from child molesters. Having had enough theorizing, many young people go to college to get firsthand (or wherever) experience by living in coeducational dormitories or cohabitational apartments.[35]

Hippies learn about sex without going to school. Mostly they lie around naked, playing with their beads.

33. Gregory did a lot for the calendar but very little for sex. Had he posed in the nude for his own calendar, he would now be even better known.

34. Queen Elizabeth II is not a sex queen, or even a very sexy queen.

35. Girls living in the latter are known not as coeds but as cohabs.

Mention should also be made of the Pill.[36]

Nudity is now very much with us. As someone has said, "Genitalia are big." With nude men and women simulating[37] the sex act on the stage, it is no longer necessary to strain to look through a keyhole or under a window blind. A Peeping Tom is now a man who sits in the front row with a pair of binoculars.

Or he may stay home, sitting up close to the television set and watching the girls in the commercials soaping themselves in a shower or begging, with half-closed eyes and throaty voice, "Take it off. Take it *all* off."[38]

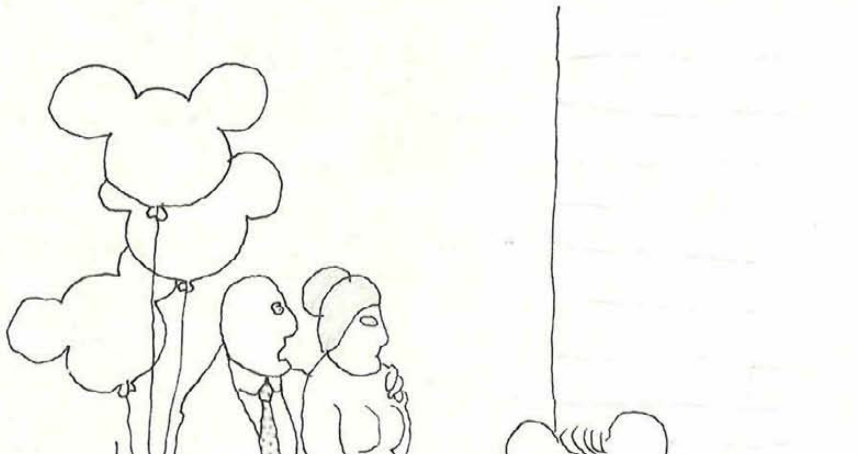
It should be apparent, as we reach the end of this brief history of sex, that forms, manners and devices have differed somewhat through the centuries. There were, for instance, no T.V. cameras at the Roman orgies nor were there mini togas. Similarly, with the advent of see-through dresses, chastity belts are "out." But such things, looked at *sub specie aeternitatis*, are seen to be superficial and transitory.

One conclusion is inescapable. The more things change, the more sex remains the same. □

36. All right, it has been mentioned.

37. And stimulating.

38. No kidding.



"It's hard to believe that even Disneyland has a red-light district."


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REAL LIFE
Romance
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STOP UGLY PROTEST!



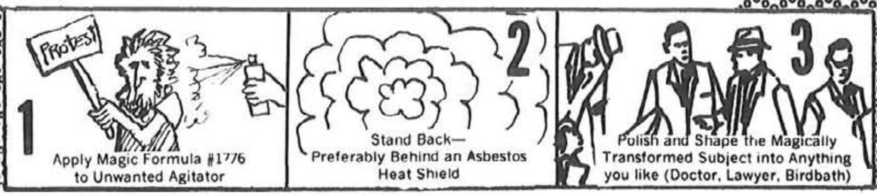
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Mr. R. L., Bullhorn, Neb.

* * * *

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MY NAME ____________

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MY FAVORITE PARANOID FANTASY_____ MY IQ _____

WE DO NOT SHIP TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES. REMEMBER WHAT THOSE DIRTY JAPS DID TO OUR BOYS AT PEARL HARBOR? REMEMBER THE MAINE.


IT WAS OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AT THE WHITEHOUSE... AND EVERYONE WAS THERE!
HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, JULIE! YOU TOO, DAVID!
THANK YOU, MR. STASSEN!
CAN TRUE LOVE BLOSSOM IN THE STAID ENVIRONMENT OF CAPITOL HILL OR WILL IT WITHER ON THE VINE AND LEAD TO...
WHITEHOUSE Heartbreak!
YES... IT WAS A WONDERFUL PARTY... AND YET... I COULD TELL SOMETHING WAS TROUBLING DAVID!
GEE, HONEY, IT'S A... A WONDERFUL PARTY! THANK YOUR FATHER FOR ME!
LISTEN, DAVID, YOU'VE BEEN ACTING SAD ALL EVENING! LET'S GO TO THE ROSE GARDEN AND TALK! MOM'S INSTALLED MUZAK!
1


I LOVE YOU, HONEY!
YES DAVID AND IT DOES YOU CREDIT!
YOU'RE THE ONLY GIRL FOR ME, YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?
I COULDN'T BE HAPPIER IF I WERE MARRIED TO ARISTOTLE ONASSIS!
J-JULIE, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT...
BUT FORTUNATELY...
MISS JULIE! YOUR DADDY WANTS YO TUH SAY G'NIGHT TUH MASSA THURMOND!
I'LL MEET YOU IN THE LINCOLN ROOM DEAR
I DO LOVE HIM, I DO! WHEN I'M NEAR DAVID I JUST BUST OUT IN A COLD SWEAT! HE'S SO SOLID, SO... DEPENDABLE! IF ONLY HE ISN'T GOING TO BRING UP THAT PAINFUL SUBJECT AGAIN!
KEEP ON TRUCKIN', JULIE!
FINALLY, ALL THE GUESTS HAD LEFT...
HERE WE ARE IN LINCOLN'S BEDROOM, HONEY!
YES, DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU PROUD TO BE A REPUBLICAN?
2


JOOL, IF YOU REALLY LOVED ME...
...YOU WOULD PROVE YOUR LOVE!
OH, DAVID! PLEASE DON'T START THAT AGAIN!
BUT ALL THE OTHER FELLAS' WIVES DO IT!
I'VE TOLD YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN... I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL!
THERE'S SOMEONE BEHIND THAT DOOR!
BUT SUDDENLY...
TRISH! YOU BEEN LISTENING!
HI, KIDS! DADDY ASKED ME TO COME UP AND MAKE SURE THERE WASN'T ANY FUNNY BUSINESS!
BUT, TRISH, JULIE AND I ARE MARRIED!
YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!
TED KENNEDY WAS MARRIED, AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!
3


BUT SUDDENLY...
NOW STOP PESTERING THE YOUNGSTERS, DEAR...
...THEY'VE GOT THINGS TO TALK ABOUT... BY-YOUR-SELF THINGS!
DAVID'S EYES WERE SO SWEET, SO BEGUILING! I FELT ALL AT SEA...
BUT--BUT DON'T YOU EVER WANT TO... YOU KNOW?
BUT I JUST COULDN'T CONTROL MY PANIC... I RAN FROM HIM!
DADDY WAS RIGHT! ALL YOU MEN ONLY WANT ONE THING FROM A GIRL!
AW, HONEY...
BUT EVEN AS I TOLD HIM OF MY FEARS, THEY SEEMED TO MELT BEFORE HIS SEARCHING EYES...
BUT WHAT ABOUT MY REPUTATION? THE NEWSPAPERS... AND DADDY'S CAREER? WHAT IF... WHAT IF I HAD A BABY!?!
DON'T WORRY HONEY, I TAKE THOSE PILLS EVERY DAY!
THE END
4

Love making in these United States isn't all it could be.



"BAGWAWELA! HUBBA-HUBBA!" wailed Oburaku as he stole toward the grass hut. A Chuncho maiden, heeding his heated call, cooed back "Layma'i Layma'i...." And as Oburaku offered her the traditional love-making food, hot betel nuts, primitive love began.

A Chuncho seeking erotic pleasure rarely fails.

But the average American has trouble wailing "Nabwayligu ipipisisi layma'i!" at the object of his amorous desires. So Columbia Records suggests: Let someone do the singing for you.

The violent beat of Chicago.

The passionate fury of Illinois Speed Press.

The pulsating rhythms of "Heavy Sounds."

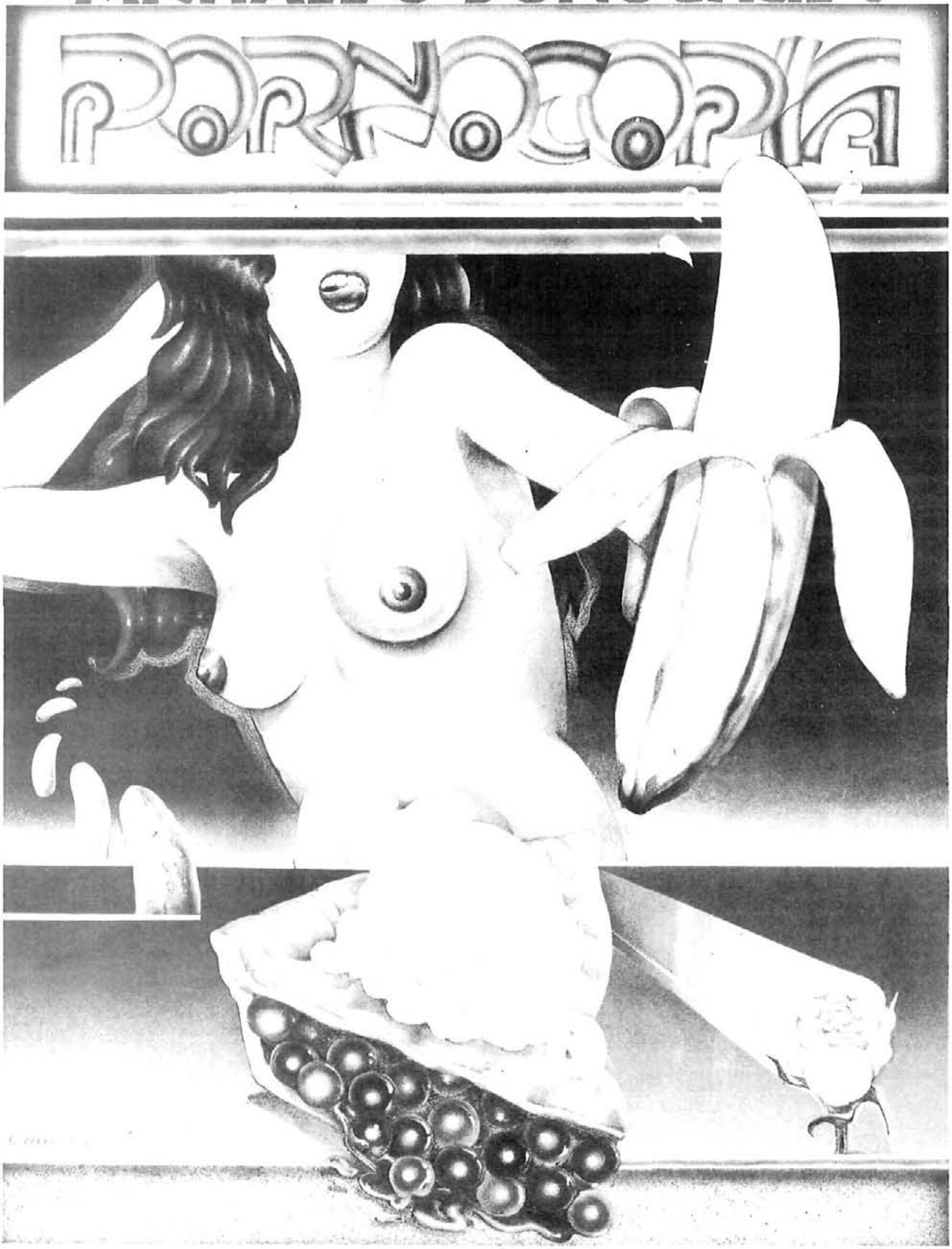
Take an album to bed tonight and be as savage as you want.

*†☆



On Columbia Records

MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE'S



. . . SOME SELECTIONS FROM THE SUPREME COURT'S SUMMER READING LIST

The Elegant English Epistolary Eroticism

. . . in the manner of John Cleland

Mr. N. . . chanc'd to offer a bout of dalliance and disport. My blush serv'd but to inflame the young gentleman's ardours, and a heart-fetch'd sigh at the size of his remarkable fouling piece banish'd all reserve. Canting up my petticoats and unlacing my stays, I fell supine on the settee, my exquisite treasures at his disposal. Thus embolden'd, he took in hand the prodigious engine and, abandoning restraint, remm'd the rubid cleft where grows the wanton moss that crowns the brow of modesty, but to naught avail. Thrice again the frightful machine assail'd the region of delight which, with maidenhead's sweet mant'ling, celebrates the triumph of roses o'er the lily, but that delicious cloven spot, the fairest mark for his well-mettl'd member, quell'd and abash'd the gallant intruder. Mustering his ferbour, once more didst Cupid's capt'n 'tempt to brunt the fierce prow of his formidable vessel past the shoals of luxuriant umberage which garland'd my rutt'd charms and into that uncloy'd cove where humid embars blaz'd on visitation, yet was, e'en so, repulst. Tho' toss'd 'twixt profusion and compliance, my hand crept softly to the sturdy lad's ripen'd tussle and roam'd the sprout'd tufts, whilst he my hillocks wander'd, then rekindl'd his nobly stock'd conduits, distend'd the proud steed, where'pon I near swoon'd of extasy's bright tumult as the sturdy stallion, his exhaultations fir'd, gallop'd o'er ev'ry hedge and thicket, spending the jetty sprig, won the sally, and gain'd a lodgement. Encircl'd in the pleasure-girst, ingorg'd by dissolution's tender agony, each 'fusive stroke stirr'd my in'most tendrils, devolv'd my dewy furrow of its secrets, which I, flush with straddl'd frolik, was far from disrelishing, 'til, somewhat appeas'd, his quiv'ling extremity, twin'd by unquench'd appetite, durst 'frock the fury of unflagg'd inspersions, yet homeward play'd my rake the plenteous protraction, redoubl'd his endeavours that joy's thrust might soon drink deep at rapture's well, then didst, at last, sheath, to the churl'd hilt, his massy weapon, and so suffer'd me to bliss.

I am,
Madam,
Yours, etc., etc., etc.

The Fin-de-Siècle British Birching Book

. . . in the manner of Anonymous

"And what might your name be, my child?" inquired Lord Randy Stoker, removing a tin of violet pastilles from the pocket of his tangerine-velvet waistcoat and placing one in his sensuous mouth while his flashing eyes coolly probed the buxom lass that sat trembling before him.

"My name's Miss Prissy Trapp, sir," she replied in a faint voice and working-class accent, lowered her eyes, and curtsied. "I'm the new maid."

"Welcome to Felonwart, my remote country manor house. I can assure you that your stay here will be most . . . amusing. Come into the drawing room and place yourself at the disposal of my guests."

The drawing room was that of a typical country manor house, save for the fact that the walls were padded, the windows barred, a curious array of whips and riding equipage were displayed above the fireplace, an immodest fresco graced the north wall, a number of cages hung suspended from the ceiling and, in the center of the room, towering above a blood-stained altar, loomed a moonstone-studded effigy of Kā, the nineteen-armed Babylonian Goddess of Lust.

"As you may have gathered, my tastes run somewhat toward the *outré,*" Lord Stoker commented, helping himself to another violet pastille, and continued, his voice dark with menace, "a proclivity that does not limit itself to decor."

Upon seeing Prissy, a tall, gaunt man, wearing but a pair of soiled galoshes, threw himself at her feet and commenced wildly kissing her feather duster.

"Allow me to introduce Professor Schadenfreude," interposed Lord Stoker as the bewildered miss blushed crimson under the Austrian's singular attentions. "His studies in aberrant behavior have taken man's sexual urges out of the Dark Ages."

"And back to the Stone Age," added Lady Wick-Burner, crawling across the carpet to gnaw on the heel of Prissy's left shoe.

"Oh . . . Oh . . . Please . . . I beseech you . . . Leave off . . . Have pity . . . Oh . . . No more . . ." pleaded the misused maid.

Delighted by the young girl's supplications, the Duke of Pudenda discontinued reading from a slim volume of unseemly sonnets he had recently published privately in a limited edition of four copies, all of which were bound in tinted wildebeest.

"Remove her chemise!" demanded Reverend John Thomas.

Upon hearing this, Prissy, her face a mask of abasement, attempted to flee but was thwarted by two Nubian eunuchs who, despite the unfortunate's pathetic struggles, firmly secured her wrists with braided peacock tails.

"All in good time," cautioned the Sultana of Zosh. "First, allow the hapless servant to gaze upon the instrument of her chastisement." She drew back the drapes to reveal a weird machine composed of a steam engine, pistons, manacles, a glass godemiche, rubber tubing, a gilded harpsichord, a whalebone corset, asparagus tips and a vat of scented lard.

The Sultana smiled wanly and murmured, "We call it . . . 'The Blind Chicken!' "

"What does it do?" asked Prissy.

Silhouetted against the dying sunlight, the great circle of Kā's nineteen arms appeared to be a ceaseless juggernaut of shame and degradation as Lord Stoker leaned over to whisper, "You'll discover that only too soon," and stuck his purple tongue in her ear.

The Early French Algolagnic Novel

. . . in the manner of the Marquis de Sade

The Comte was in the formal gardens whipping his linoleum when he was joined by the Bishop. Ceasing his exertions, he greeted the prelate, and said:

"You are undoubtedly curious why I am whipping my linoleum. And yet, on closer examination, nothing could be more natural . . . or might I say 'unnatural' as they are the same thing. Man, it goes without saying, is intrinsically evil, bearing in mind, of course, that good and evil, vice and virtue, exist only within the confines of society. It is the laws which cause crime, for, without law, there is no crime. Nature capriciously destroys the fools who forsake their instinctual lust and hunger in the name of virtue, as Nature does us all. Man is an animal with a soul that exists only through sensations. Although man must not limit his actions, there is no free will, therefore he is not responsible for his actions. Quite obviously, the more disgusting the act, the greater the pleasure, and since pleasure, or might I say 'pain' as pleasure is but pain diminished, remains the chief aim of all human existence, it should be enjoyed at any cost, particularly at the expense of other people, that is to say, not only is there joy in whipping my linoleum, but there is also joy in reflecting upon those who are not allowed to whip their linoleum. Hence, cruelty is nothing more than man's life force uncorrupted by civilization. As we are pawns to misery, so must we dispense misery to pawns. Since pain is the absolute, it is essential that I, as a philosopher, pursue this absolute. So it seems that the question, my dear Bishop, is not 'Why do I whip my linoleum?' but rather, 'Why doesn't everyone whip his linoleum?'"

The Recent French Algolagnic Novel*

. . . in the manner of Pauline Reage

The moon was partially obscured by a cloud.

**Ed. Note—Rumored to be the work of A---- M-------, noted Marxist author and art critic.*



One afternoon, a limousine had picked up E at the Buttes-Chaumont Gardens, the Bois de Vincennes, the Bassin de la Villette, or perhaps the Boulevard Haussmann, and had taken her to a chateau in southern France. The driver had departed without saying a word.

Attendants prepared E for the party that evening. She was dressed in a bird costume resembling a boat-tailed grackle. I am certain that she was forbidden to speak.

In another version, the limousine picks up E at the Bureau des Objets Trouvés.

E was placed on the lawn and instructed to remain there until summoned. Behind her was a row of cypress trees. Under the third tree lay a pale blue envelope. From the envelope she withdrew a photograph of three persons on an ottoman. One is blindfolded. It is difficult to determine what they are engaged in.

Her costume was perfect in every detail. The only discrepancy that might prompt the casual observer to conclude that E could be something other than an enormous boat-tailed grackle was a pair of black patent leather shoes which she is required to wear as a symbol of her absolute subjugation.

Although forbidden to speak, I believe that E was allowed to whistle.

The bird costume restricted movement and it often took E over an hour to reach places only a few feet away.

When she glances back to the third tree, she notices that the pale blue envelope and the photograph are missing.

That evening, three men, X, Y, and Z, retire from the party to chat beneath the porte-cochere. Y is her lover.

Fragments of conversation are audible from where E is standing on the lawn.

"Have you spoken to G lately?"

"It's odd you should ask. Why only last week . . ."

The three men turn toward her. X and Z appear familiar, as if she had seen them in a photograph.

"Look, there's a boat-tailed grackle," remarks Z. "An uncommonly large one, I might add."

Moments pass. The men do not move. E observes the moon clearly reflected in her black patent leather shoes. Surely her lover will recognize her, take her in his arms, and debase her in the fashion which she has grown to regard so dearly. She flaps her wings and whistles frantically.

Finally, Y speaks.

"One seldom sees them so far north this late in the season."

Expurgation by Latin

. . . *in the manner of Boccaccio*

Now there once lived near Genoa a wealthy merchant named Gelfardo, who was infatuated with Bonella, a miller's daughter unsurpassed in beauty, grace, and charm.

As it so happened, Bonella, spurning Gelfardo's advances, was wont to seek diversion with a certain abbot, but he, much to her displeasure, had given to *concilium loqui* swans.

One afternoon, while strolling in the forest, Gelfardo came upon the comely damsel picking flowers. With a lascivious wink, he asked the lady if she might care to unfasten her bodice and *supplicia eorum qui in furto aut latrocinio aut aliqua noxia sint comprehensi gratiora dis immortalibus esse arbitrantur* for an hour or so.

She coyly agreed to the merchant's bold overtures but on two conditions. The first was that he pay her 200 gold ducats; the second, that after he had *supplicia eorum qui in furto aut latrocinio aut aliqua noxia sint comprehensi gratiora dis immortalibus esse arbitrantur*, then she, in turn, could *sed cum eius generis copia defecit etiam ad innocentium supplicia descendunt.*

Suspecting nothing, Gelfardo agreed, gave her 200 gold ducats, and made ready to *tantis excitati praemiis et sua sponte multi in disciplinam conveniunt.*

As the couple began *haec poena apud eos est gravissima,* who should pass by but the abbot. Upon seeing the *consuerunt neque tributa,* he took three potatoes and a long loaf of bread from his sack and *quibus ita est interdictum, hi numero impiorum ac sceleratorum habentur his omnes decedunt, aditum eorum sermonemque defugiunt,* which he then tied to Bonella's *honos ullus communicatur.*

Waiting until the merchant had almost *hoc proprium virtutis existimant,* the abbot sprang from behind the bushes where he had been hiding and shouted, *"Expulsos agris finitimos cedere!"* Startled, Bonella *neque quemquam prope audere consistere; simul hoc se fore tutiores arbitrantur, repentinae incursionis timore sublato,* causing the string to *suumque auxilium* Gelfardo's *pollicentur atque a multitudine collaudantur* and *qui ex his secuti non sunt, in desertorum ac proditorum numero decuntur, omniumque his rerum postea fides derogatur* the three potatoes.

It was only then that she reminded him of the second condition.

Moral: Cuckolds often make merry but it is rare indeed that *omni Gallia eurum hominum qui aliquo sunt numero atque honore genera sunt duo; nam plebes paene servorum habetur loco, quae nihil audet per se, nulli adhibetur consilio.*

Expurgation by Asterisks
(circa 1925)

. . . *in the manner of the Lost Generation*

"So this is Paris," mused Lt. Rick Stafford as he climbed the winding stairs that led to the garret of Nana Bijou, the torch singer whose address a doughboy had given him on the front with the words, "Tell



her you're a friend of Bob's." He died two days later in a mustard gas attack at Aubers Ridge. Rick had written the letter to his parents. It was difficult to know what to say.

Rick knocked on the door. A woman answered who would have been young if not for her eyes.

"Hello," he said awkwardly. "I'm . . . a friend of Bob's."

"Bob?" She shook her head. "I don't remember zee names, lieutenant. But I can never forget zee faces, terrible haunted faces zat are stalked by Death. Come in, *mon cher*, and have a glass of absinthe."

The room was small. Faded theatrical posters covered the walls. In the corner stood a *lit à deux places*.

"Have you killed many Boche?" she asked.

"No. I'm an ambulance driver."

He began to talk. The words spilled out. He told her about his childhood, about his dream of returning to the States and becoming an architect, about the war.

Finally, there was nothing more to say. He stared out the window that overlooked the rooftops of St.-Germain. It had begun to snow. The pigeons had already made tracks around the chimneys.

He turned to her and asked, "Where do you work?"

"In a cheap *café*." She smiled. "What does zat, or anything else, matter?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her gently. "Nothing matters," he replied, "but we must keep up appearances." He began to unbutton her blouse.

* *
* *
* *
* *
* * * * * *

Afterwards, they smoked cigarettes.

The Best Seller

. . . in the manner of Jacqueline Susann, Henry Sutton, and a host of others

Lean, tan, blue-eyed Noel Walgreen, idol of millions, sank back into the satin sheets of his round, lavish bed, stared up at the mirrored ceiling that featured his flawless body, and mused over the stunning women he had enjoyed during the last month. He could never forget:

Tracy—By the time she got her name up in lights, they spelled it S-L-U-T!

Lynn—The stormy starlet whose biggest picture was shot with a Polaroid camera!

Mara—Her husband found romance in the arms of another woman . . . and so did she!

Naomi—The only good impression she made on Hollywood was in Grauman's wet cement!

Ellen—Star of stage, screen, and psycho ward!

Adele—The gossip columnist who could hold the front page . . . but not the man she loved!

Suzan—Even the Greeks didn't have a word for what she was!

Vicky—She lived every day as though it was the last . . . and every night as though it was the first!

Melanie—The sex kitten who turned into a hellcat!

Dawn—The hoofer who would one-step her way into a guy's heart . . . and two-time her way out!

Irene—Her movies got good reviews from everyone but the vice squad!

Nicole—When her agent promised to make her the "toast of the town," she didn't know the town was Tijuana!

Joan—The sultry songstress who knew every 4-letter word . . . except "love"!

Louise—Fans could find her autograph in any motel register!

Consuelo—The Latin bombshell who went off . . . with another guy!

Pam—The kind of girl men put on a pedestal just so they can look up her dress!

And, of course, Wendy, his wife, raven-tressed film goddess whose icy beauty had made her the "Queen of Tinseltown." Ten years ago, when he was just a kid back from Korea, he had met her, when she was just a waitress slinging hash at a truck stop in Elbow River, Montana. They were married two days later. Those first years had been happy ones. But that was before they had become stars. Somehow . . . somewhere . . . something had been lost in that heady climb to the top. They had become puppets, mere pawns manipulated by shadowy, faceless magnates to further cartels of illusion, caught up in a savage web of greed, lust and power. Eyes that once sparkled with joy now reflected only the tawdry glitter of flickering limelight. Their souls had drowned in kidney-shaped swimming pools.

The bedroom door swung open and Wendy walked in, nude, her ripe, full breasts glistening with cocoa butter. She was smoking marijuana or "gage," as the hopheads called it.

"I can't go on like this any longer, Wendy, watching you destroy yourself," he said.

"No man in the world is ever going to hurt me again. Not even you, Noel," she commented.

"I made the mistake of thinking we felt the same about each other," he observed.

"You're playing with dynamite! It just may blow up in your face!" she exclaimed.

"Do you know what you want?" he inquired.

"I did once," she answered.

"How could I have been so blind," he concluded and pulled her down onto the bed. His hungry lips sought hers. Together, they scaled the peaks of ecstasy.

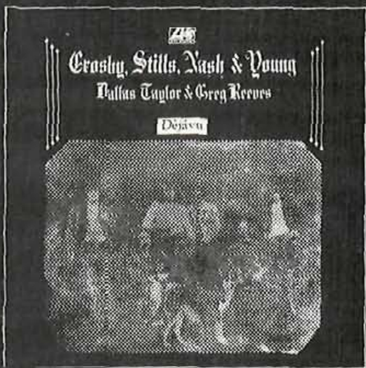
When it was over, he caressed her face gently with his hands and whispered, "I love you."

Moments passed. The only sound was the haunting tinkle of their 12-tiered chandelier. Then she swallowed a handful of amphetamines or "goof-balls," as the jet-set calls them, paused, and replied, "That and a dime will buy you a cup of coffee." □

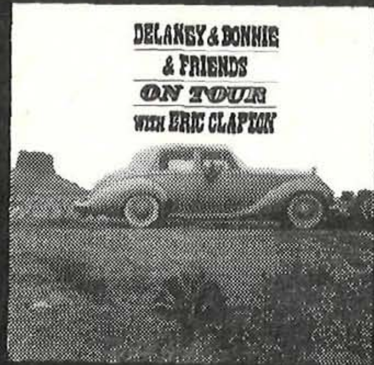


"... Next I'd like to sing about the arbitrary directive by prison officials that permits only 2 showers a week ..."

The Sounds Of The 70's On Atlantic-Atco-Cotillion



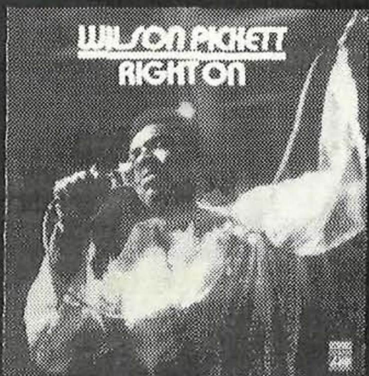
CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG
DEJAVU
Atlantic



DELANEY & BONNIE & FRIENDS
ON TOUR WITH ERIC CLAPTON
ATCO



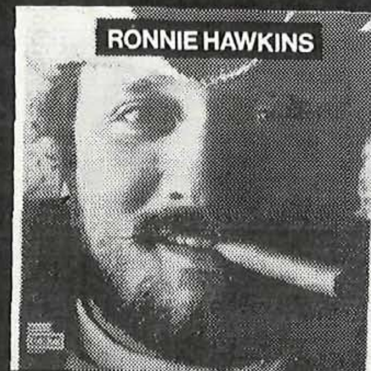
ARETHA FRANKLIN
THIS GIRL'S IN LOVE WITH YOU
Atlantic



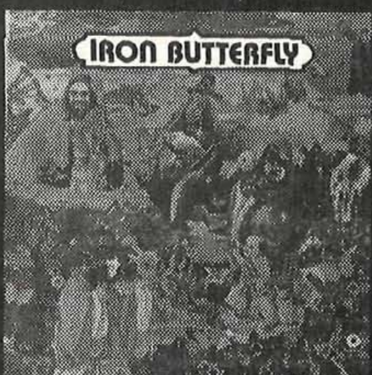
WILSON PICKETT
RIGHT ON
Atlantic



MC 5: BACK IN THE USA
Atlantic



RONNIE HAWKINS
Cotillion



IRON BUTTERFLY
Atco



LES McCANN
COMMENT
Atlantic



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LIBERATED FRONT

Curvaceous, committed Penelope Plastique is tasty and talented proof that the new woman is fact, not myth.





"A WOMAN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD," an obviously un-swinging Sophocles once wrote by the Aegean, but twenty-two-year-old Penelope Plastique proves a ripely rounded rebuttal to the fusty old idea that the American woman can't be both voluptuous *and* vocal. "Who says a woman has to be a second-class citizen?" asks perky Penelope. "What about all the famous women who have made valuable contributions to mankind, like Madame Curie and Eleanor Roosevelt? Joan of Arc, too." Pulchritudinous Penelope's belief in the equality of women is bolstered by her own many and varied interests. By day a valued check-out counter technician at one of New York City's largest A & P's, Penny fills the evening and weekend hours with the thousand-and-one pursuits of today's Renaissance woman. Whether soldering the components of her $13,000 stereo unit ("It's very important to get those woofers and tweeters woofing and tweeting just right!" chirrups Penny as she carefully adjusts the very delicate on-off controls), or spending long hours practicing on her rare Stradivarius tenor cymbals, she still finds time to help organize the weekly meeting of her Women's Liberation Front chapter. "Women are just as good as men," pneumatic Penelope states. "Hell, *they're better*."





PHOTOS BY FRED BURRELL

"The Declaration of Independence grants us all equality," states our serious-minded Playbore of the Month, Penelope Plastique, "but the way women are treated in America, you'd think it was the Dark Ages or something." Carrying her message to the very heart of female exploitation, a purposeful Penelope pickets outside the notoriously seamy "skin flicks" of Times Square (top left and left). Back home (above), Penelope makes more placards for tomorrow's battle in a never-ending struggle for freedom. "The Women's Liberation Front is much misunderstood," complains our pretty *provocateur*. "They think we're either crackpots or sort of, you know, weird. Men, for example, have not the slightest inkling as to how much pain a woman undergoes in childbirth. When a woman is in labor, it should be a law that the father should have to go through the same pain as the mother. You know, electrical shocks or something."







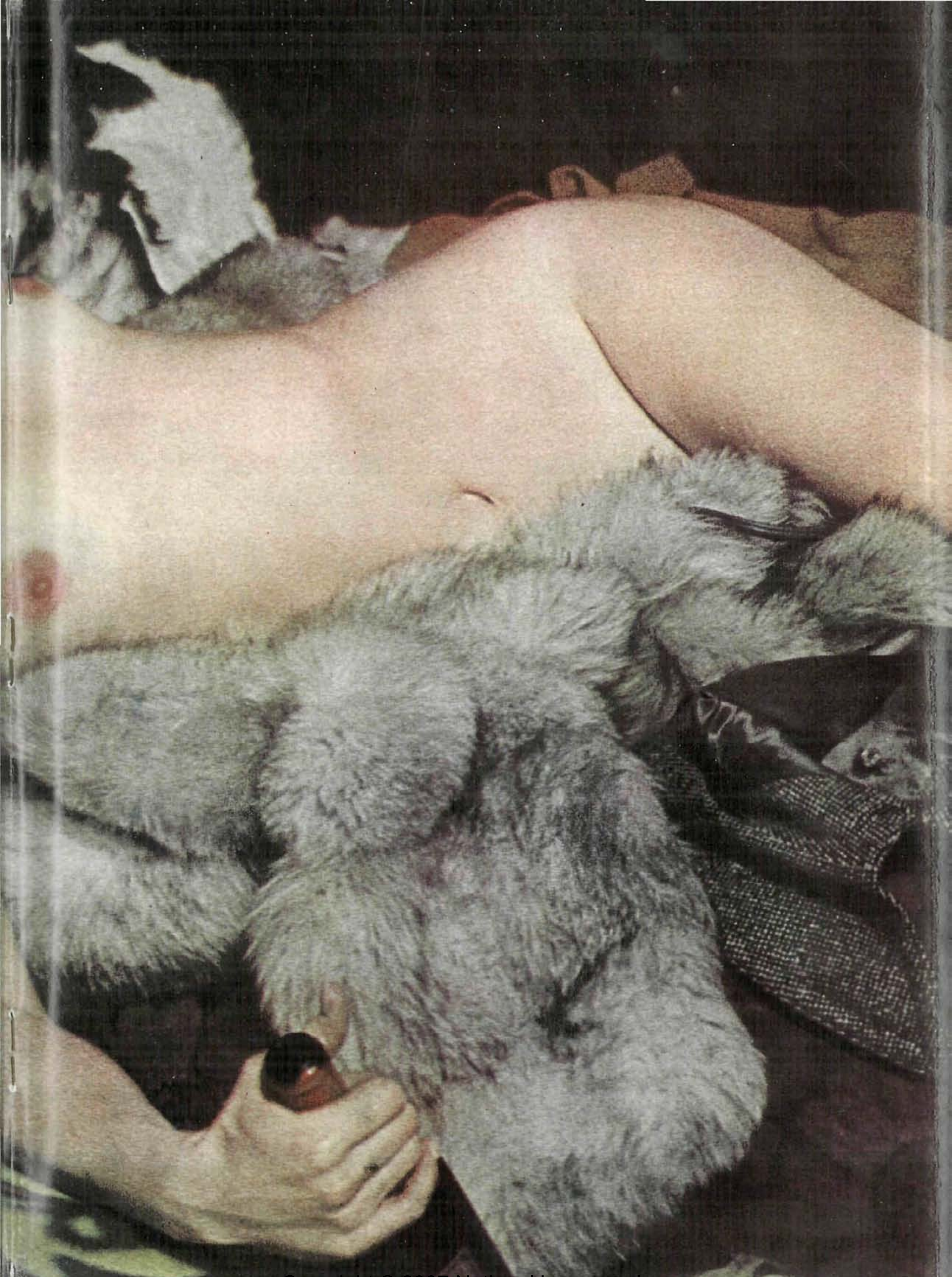
Above, a practiced Penelope tests her new scuba gear before taking the plunge into the murky depths of the Atlantic Ocean. A long-time expert, Penelope is irritated by people who think deep-sea diving is simply a matter of "breathing in and out and moving their flipper things." Penelope warns tyros that there are innumerable safety checks to be made on every dive, "like keeping away from deadly octopuses and keeping your mouth closed." Below, our comely and committed Playbore makes a personal tour of a typical urban slum. Her own plan for social policy includes an ingenious coalition between the urban poor and the Woman's Liberation Front. "The poor want their rights and women want their rights," politically minded Penelope says. "Both groups want the same thing . . . *rights*. Poor women, for example, should be doubly aroused because they're denied their rights *twice*."

Although her schedule is always full, protuberant Penelope always saves Sunday for her first love: underwater mineral research. "The sea is going to be an important source of energy for mankind in coming decades," she predicts. "Only now is man beginning to realize the treasure trove stored for millions of years beneath the watery depths. Fish, for example." Often diving more than 600 feet for periods of up to seven hours, "longer if I have to fight off a killer whale or something," plucky Penelope experiences a "sort of transcendant feeling down there, like I'm really, totally free. Keeps you clean, too." Dried off and back home, pragmatic Penelope puts the finishing touches on her pet project, a perfectly scaled model of the city of Stratford, England, *circa* 1498. Made from individually carved pieces of hardened apricot sections, each street light, fireplug and horseless carriage was fashioned by Penny with a jeweler's care. "A firm sense of history," she believes, "should be on everybody's required reading list!" Stopping only to dash off an odd couplet to her 600-page epic based on the life of Aimee Semple Macpherson ("It's only half finished," prosodic Penelope sighs), Miss April takes some precious hours off for her customary stroll around the poorer, less swinging parts of town. Penny finds the plodding, inefficient methods of the urban social worker very inappropriate to the needs of the culturally disadvantaged. "Slums are really very interesting," our April Playbore confides, "and you'll find that a cheery smile and a kind word does as much for a poor person as all the so-called Federal aid in the world."









APRIL PLAYTHING OF THE MONTH





When not out on the street helping the unfortunate poor, pointy Penelope can usually be found curled up with some old and curious volumes of forgotten lore. "Books, books, books are all I ever think about," she admits guiltily. "I simply adore reading. It's my biggest fault." Her favorite authors are the radical philosophers Herbert Marcuse, Paul Goodman and the legendary Russian anarchist Prince Kropotkin. "I just love them all," Penny confesses, "especially the last one." But the fact that Penny's intellectual pursuits are important to her doesn't mean that she neglects her very full social calendar. "Parties, parties, parties," she giggles, "they're my biggest fault!" Her telephone constantly ringing, Penelope's pulchritudinous presence is a frequent addition to all the swingingest cocktail parties and grooviest debutante cotillions. Never a gala *fete* goes by without someone in the crowd starting a movement to get poly-talented Penelope to recite a passage from John Galsworthy's remarkable *Forsyte Saga,* which she committed entirely to memory one rainy afternoon "just for a lark." □



Always in demand at all the swinging parties, playful Penelope cuts up (top left), to the delight of the other groovy guests. Center and lower left, our pet-able Playbore charms yet another ardent male, and (below) successfully breaks the ice with her remarkably hip hi-jinx. "Although I don't disapprove of pot, marijuana or grass," Penny proclaims, "there's nothing like a little bourbon to make everyone feel free and easy."





PLAYBORE'S DIRTY JOKES

Legend has it that one day J. S. Bach appeared at the door of the local organ-maker in quite a dither. "Hans," said Bach to the deaf craftsman, "der King ist coming today to hear my latest masterpiece and my organ has just gone on der fritz. Can you come right over und fix it for me?"

"You say your *organ* ist on der fritz?" replied the old man, cupping a hand to his ear.

"Ja," replied Bach impatiently, "my organ ist on der fritz und I vant you to *macht schnell* und fix it before der King comes!"

"Your *organ*, ja?" cackled the wizened tradesman.

"Ja, ja, my organ," pressed Bach, "How much will you charge me?"

"Vell, normally I vould charge fifteen marks," began the old man with a twinkle in his eye, "but since you are such a good customer, *I'll make it ten!*"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pornography* as obscene or licentious literature or pictures.

Two pot-puffing hippies were staggering down Fifth Avenue one afternoon when they were suddenly confronted with a parade of sixteen-thousand naked lovelies marching toward them accompanied by a fifty-piece naked brass band and all the national leaders of the western hemisphere, each as bare as the day they were born. "Oh wow," exclaimed one of the hippies to his companion.

"Yeah," quipped the other stoned freak slyly, "wow!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fetish* as a part of the body, article of clothing or simply any object which arouses abnormal erotic desires.

A man walked into the local pub with a fat penguin perched atop his head. The startled bartender looked up in disbelief, but attempting to hide his astonishment, the bewildered barkeep casually asked the man what he wanted to drink. "A whiskey and soda, please," was the man's straight-faced reply.

Then there was the topless pianist who played so badly that her pathetic gimmick failed to attract any publicity, much less an audience.

A swinging young executive had been listening to his cronies at lunch discuss the supposedly superior love-making techniques of married women. Intrigued with the idea, he ran to a booth and called his boss's wife and asked if he could come over right away and "discuss an important matter." Soon after his arrival and a couple of double martinis, he managed to coax the apprehensive young lady into bed. But, as is usually the case with such stories, her irate husband came in early from the office and found the guilty couple still locked in the primal embrace. "What's going one here?" he demanded.

"W-why, I'm commiting adultery with your wife," came the stammered reply.

"That's what I thought," snapped the angry husband as he slammed the door behind him and left.

The next day the boss fired the young exec, filed divorce proceedings against his distraught wife, and moved into a motel, looking forward to many years of loneliness and unhappiness.

We know an airline stewardess who told every ardent pilot she dated that she wanted to save her favors for her husband, should she ever marry. Finally she met the right man, married him and settled down to make a wonderful wife and a devoted mother to their four children.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *rape* as the illicit carnal knowledge of a woman without her consent.

An obviously newlywed couple sat cooing at each other in a vacation resort bar when a rather greasy-looking smoothie in a shiny suit glided up to them. "Gotta match?" he asked, eyeing the zestful little breastful coolly.

"No," smiled the unruffled groom, "but I have a lighter."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *breast* as the milk-producing gland found on the ventral areas of most female mammals. ■

Heard any hot ones lately? Send it in a plain brown paper envelope to Dirty Jokes Editor, PLAYBORE, Room 1301, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Theoretically, contributors would be paid $50 for each joke, but you know as well as we do that we get 'em all from out-of-print Spicy Story *anthologies. Won't you kiss me in the dark, baby?*

PICASSO'S EROTIC ENGRAVINGS

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "*an abiding celebration of life itself.*"

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's lifelong friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "*347 Gravures*" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars!* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality ...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary ...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St.Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing ...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package ...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, *that the editors of* AVANT-GARDE announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. *Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique*, has appointed AVANT-GARDE as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." *Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes*, the editors of AVANT-GARDE have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" *receives the premiere it deserves.*

To begin with, an entire issue of AVANT-GARDE—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of AVANT-GARDE will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of AVANT-GARDE are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

Copies of this special collector's edition of AVANT-GARDE will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—*free*—as a gift to all new subscribers to AVANT-GARDE.

In case you've never heard of AVANT-GARDE, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from AVANT-GARDE's editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. AVANT-GARDE steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to AVANT-GARDE their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. AVANT-GARDE serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." AVANT-GARDE is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to AVANT-GARDE include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Allen Ginsberg, Paul Krassner, Dr. Karl Menninger, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over AVANT-GARDE. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! AVANT-GARDE has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "AVANT-GARDE is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "AVANT-GARDE is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "AVANT-GARDE's articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "AVANT-GARDE is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Subscriptions to AVANT-GARDE ordinarily cost $10 per year. *In conjunction with this special Picasso erotic* engravings offer, however, we are offering ten-month introductory subscriptions for *ONLY $5!* This is virtually *HALF PRICE!!* To enter *your subscription (five issues)—and obtain a copy of the Picasso erotic engravings folio ABSOLUTELY FREE*—simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: AVANT-GARDE, 110 W. 40 St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry, since quantities of the Picasso folio are limited and this offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Then sit back and prepare to receive a subscription bonus par excellence, and your first copy of an exuberant new magazine that is equally devoted to the love of art and the art of love.

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I enclose $5 for a ten-month subscription to the exuberant new magazine AVANT-GARDE. I understand that I am paying virtually *HALF PRICE* and that I will receive—*ABSOLUTELY FREE*—a copy of the magnificent art folio containing Picasso's erotic engravings.

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THE SCHOENSTEIN REPORT

by Dr. Ralph Schoenstein

AN IN-DEPTH STUDY OF SEX AMERICANA. VERY SCIENTIFIC.

From the moment that I finished my pioneering probe of the impotent molly (*The Jollies of Mollies*, Algae House, 1968), fellow zoologists have been imploring me to update the quaint old Kinsey report, to apply my remarkable mind to the more or less human forms that have caused the current copulation explosion. I resisted these men at first because I had never been deeply curious about internal fertilization and I wasn't sure if I could analyze gland cases that had no gills. Therefore, I responded to the call of my colleagues with a splendid humility, fully aware that I might not be qualified to go asking the American wife if she had ever cheated on her husband with a Johnny Mop.

I must here admit that as a student of reproduction, I was one of the late bloomers. I didn't truly become interested in sex until the age of 4, when I noticed that my sister did not have a penis envy complex but my brother did. In fact, he was a veritable Othello of the outer organ, often dragging me to public baths when I was perfectly clean. I later continued my informal studies at Fort Dix, New Jersey, where late one October night I had the rare privilege of hearing 27 privates flogging their dolphins in quiet cadence. These men were arousing not just themselves but my curiosity, for I decided that night, to the counterpoint of creaking springs, that I would devote my life to explaining the lust around me.

After a challenging period of voyeurism at fish tanks and some brilliant field work with nymphomaniacal crabs, I finally heeded the call and went mammalian: I came to grips with the American sexual revolution in all its glandular grandeur. I gave my sturgeon eggs to a delicatessen and threw myself into a monumental three-day study of what, if anything, screwing means in our time. Working in homes, motels and Greyhound terminals with a handpicked staff of free lance doormen, and protecting our precious data with the project code name HORMONE (Histories of Observable Reproductive Machinery in Operational Northern Ejaculators), I conducted what already has been hailed by *Field and Stream* as the most modern sex survey of all: the first one in which sex is treated not just as science but also as filth.

The ideal sex researcher should, of course, be a social scientist with a minor in phys. ed.; but even more than this, he should also be part scholarly Peeping Tom, part panting adolescent, and part mature lecher. In candid modesty, I must admit that I surely qualify. I spend most of my sleeping and waking hours thinking of sex, a dedication that has led me to compile a definitive list of the rhymes for intercourse. I have published the best of these rhymes—winter horse, Pinter dross and hint o' moss—in my second book, *The Penis as a Phallic Symbol* (One Day Press, 1969).



Dr. Schoenstein in his office, cross-checking some data with one of the trade publications.

Several members of both the scientific community and the vice squad have asked me how I worked in putting together such an awesome document as *The Schoenstein Report*. They sensed that I did something much more sophisticated than just follow Dr. Arnold Siegel's old sexual mobility formula of dividing a community's orgasms by its number of parking tickets. And they were, of course, correct, for the first thing I did was to pick a place from which I could make a valid projection, a place that was full of projectable homo sapiens in heat. After extensive research in almanacs and Esso stations, I finally picked Yonkers, N.Y., for what we sex surveyors call the mother lode or the DING-DONG (Detailed Interpretive National Gauge of Data Oriented Non-communist Gonads).

I used Yonkers as the projectable community for three basic reasons:

1) Many of its residents spoke English.

2) The city had a known history of copulation.

3) No one knew me there.

I had planned to interview 50 typical adults and one teen-age girl, whom I then would use as projections for the 50 states and the Virgin Islands; but unfortunately I discovered that Yonkers was full of people who could be projected only as far as Albany. I did not, however, let this deter me, nor was I deterred by my arrest for loitering in a schoolyard. A sex surveyor must expect to be misunderstood and I always was, even though I carefully avoided scientific terminology and talked down to every subject. For example, I didn't ask, "Have you ever been a participant in a hetero-homosexual, quasi-cunnilingual, multi-orgiastic triangle?" Instead, I asked, "Did you ever diddle in the middle?"

We now must say a word about the precise nature of the group that I studied. Stupid. That's the word for them. But I deliberately chose to study only eighth grade dropouts because I wanted the subjects to have a kind of earthy innocence, especially about the laws on the sending of questionnaires like mine through the mail. Nevertheless, all these happy dullards still had to meet certain high non-mental standards:

—They could not be novitiate nuns or past presidents of the Mattachine Society.

—Everyone in the poll had to be named Harris.

—They had to be at least halfway through puberty.

Interestingly enough, even before I began the formal questioning, 31.9% of the subject group spontaneously confessed that they still laughed at the word "wee-wee," 25.4% confessed to thinking that fellatio was Italian for mistake, and 16.8% confessed that they often wondered if it wouldn't be better to go off and do it with animals like Dr. Dolittle.

When I finally took the formal survey, I used only the soundest techniques: scientific questionnaires, confidential interviews and obscene telephone calls. I also spent several fruitful hours in the Jerome Avenue subway station, where I translated a wall so rich in sexual insight that it guided me through my work like a kind of dirty Dead Sea Scroll.

Here are the official questions that were given to each Harris, who then was told to have his answers notarized and returned to us along with indemnification against an action for invasion of privacy.

PHOTOS BY OGDEN GOELET

TERSE ANSWER COMPLETIONS

1) Do you prefer music to sex? If so, which composers?
2) What is your favorite pornography?
3) What kind of pornography would you like for your children?
4) Do you believe that sexual relations with animals is a threat to conservation?
5) How often do you experience an orgasm?
6) Is it ever during sexual relations?
7) What is your favorite place for intercourse? (Favorite place in the house, not in the partner.)
8) Do you ever think about money while having intercourse?
9) Do you ever think about intercourse while at the bank?
10) Do you feel that cunnilingus should be practiced only by Greeks?
11) Do you believe in lowering the age of puberty?

TRUE-FALSE SECTION

Answer the following questions true or false:
1) Homosexuals should be punished for their disgusting practices.
2) There is nothing wrong with their disgusting practices.
3) The size of one's penis has nothing to do with sexual prowess.
4) Men with small penises tend to feel that the preceding statement is true.

MULTIPLE CHOICE

1) Masturbation is: (a) a serious threat to health; (b) a good way to build up the forearms; (c) all right if no one else is harmed; (d) other
2) I think that sex is: (a) a great comfort to the Communists; (b) boring; (c) embarrassing but fun; (d) fun but disgusting



Dr. Schoenstein conducts an in-depth, multi-species interview.

3) If someone discovers that a child is a fetishist, he should: (a) call the police; (b) consult Dr. Spock; (c) replace the fetish with a Tinker Toy; (d) replace the child

FREE ASSOCIATION

Write down the first word that comes to your mind as you read each of the following:
1) nozzle
2) marmalade
3) Roosevelt
4) dirigible
5) two-by-four
6) Tennessee Valley Authority
7) pickle
8) pencil
9) another pencil

CIRCLE-IT QUESTIONS

In each group of statements, circle the one that best describes the way you feel:
1. a) Without morals, man is just another animal.
   b) You only live once.
   c) Other.
2. a) A bad cold is no worse than syphilis.
   b) If Spiro Agnew did not exist, nobody would have had to invent him.
   c) All eunuchs are Arabs.
3. a) Immaculate conception is neat but dull.
   b) Helen Gurley Brown is a female impersonator.
   c) All Arabs are eunuchs.
4. a) Do unto others but do it first.
   b) Honesty is the best policy.
   c) Major medical is the best policy.

ESSAY QUESTIONS

1) When did you first learn where babies come from? And when did you first learn about fornication?
2) Do you feel that sexual contacts between races are acceptable? Would you like your little sister to marry Strom Thurmond?
3) Have you ever been to a wife swapping party? Was it another wife or something else that was swapped for yours? Do you think that the Puritan ethic could be sufficiently submerged so that wives could someday be traded on the American Exchange?
4) Have you ever had an erotic fantasy? If so, list the characters, give a short plot summary and discuss any agreement that has been made for the movie rights.

Of the more than 23 copies of this questionnaire that were sent out, given out, and thrown out, almost 75 were returned; but one must bear in mind that in sex surveys of this kind (i.e. sex surveys of Yonkers), there is never a precise correlation between the number of questionnaires distributed and the number returned. Moreover, nine of these returned questionnaires were sociologically invalid because they came with postage due.

In spite of all this uncorrelated interrogation, the time now has come for us to ask: What conclusions can we reach about the Harrises of Yonkers that could then be projected to a broad cross-section of all the Harrises in America?

I: THE COPULATION EXPLOSION

A. Intercourse

(1) Man-woman

(a) One of each

The first conclusion we can reach is that the copulation explosion has assumed truly nuclear proportions. The rate of intercourse in Yonkers today is actually *two per cent higher* (italics mine) than the rate in the Sudetenland during the fiscal year 1933-34. To put this data in a less Czechoslovakian frame of reference, there is now one ejaculation every 12 seconds in the continental United States. Since there is one crime every eight seconds and one automobile accident every 14, the lay reader might imagine that the average American is a man who is wrecking a stolen car while in heat. But this conclusion is, of course, fallacious because crime and driving decrease the sexual urge, especially *during* the crime and driving. (See *Hot Cars and Hot Pants: A Correlation* by Dr. David Snag, Drill Press, 1963.)

II: SEXUAL FANTASIES

A. Dirty Made-up Stuff

(1) Disgusting

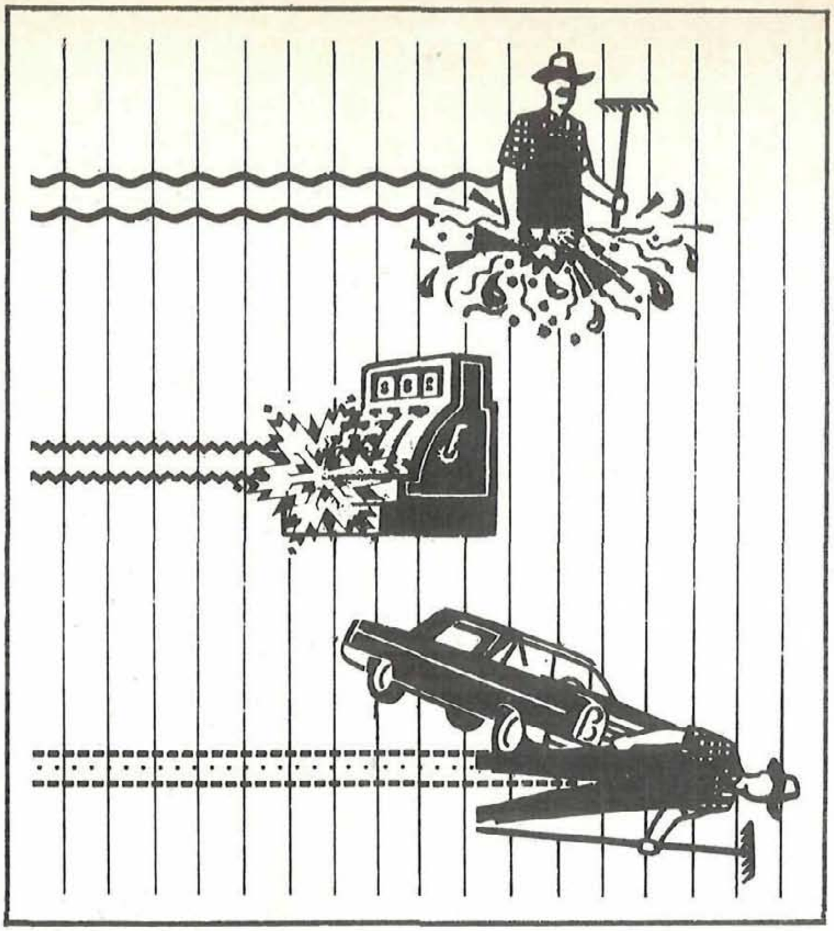
(a) But juicy

The second conclusion we can reach is that many average Americans, especially the Harrises of Yonkers, have erotic ruminations about Eleanor Roosevelt. Except to certain elderly Republicans, the word "Roosevelt" is not commonly considered to be pornographic; but this notion must now be changed, for the word association part of the questionnaire clearly enables us to make the following significant breakdown. Among the responses to the word "Roosevelt":

61 % thought of Eleanor Roosevelt, indicating liberals who feel that beauty is only skin deep.

49 % thought of Roosevelt Brown, indicating a sublimation of sex to athletics.

16.2 % thought of Roosevelt Grier, a statistic unfortunately invalid because 6 % of these thought that he was Roosevelt Brown.



Poly-incident occurrence graph projected in a non-Czechoslovakian frame of reference.

GRAPHS BY DENNIS HERMANSON

52.8 % thought of Roosevelt Raceway, revealing something about harnesses that the sado-masochism section of my staff is still exploring.

There are, of course, noteworthy exceptions to this remarkable pattern. For example, a 63-year-old unmarried female social worker whose hobby is smut was moved by the word "Roosevelt" to write "President," a dramatic indication of a deeply troubled mind; a 46-year-old married male blacksmith wrote "Hotel," showing us that the breakdown of morality has reached a truly alarming stage; and a 19-year-old unwed laundress whose hobby is collecting totem poles took one look at "Roosevelt" and wrote "Panama Canal." One need not be a descendant of Krafft-Ebing to know the sexual symbolism of the Panama Canal for a young woman from Yonkers. One need only remember that the Canal is a narrow channel with a series of locks.

Erotic fantasies can be studied more fruitfully when we turn to the essay questions, some of which were answered with a candor that I found both touching and titillating. Many critics of the survey (and they are legion) have been quick to call me at all hours to point out that free association can teach us almost nothing, especially when clouded by anti-New Deal feeling; but an essay like the following from a 39-year-old unmarried female prostitute can surely lead us to a greater understanding of the post-pubescent syndrome:

"My interest in sex has always been purely academic—that is, relations only with junior high school students, most of whom had very meager means. But after a while, I got tired of doing it just for lunch money, so I retreated into fantasy, pretending that each of the boys was some big shot like the Secretary of Agriculture. And then I even started having dreams about making love in a silo—or maybe it was *to* a silo. Who can remember all the little parts of a dream? By the way, you have my permission to project me."

This young lady's highly projectable fantasy is perhaps the most meaningful one that an American can have, for it reveals a sadness over the disappearance of a simple rural society in which piety, probity and sodomy were a way of life. Her abandonment of the Secretary of Agriculture for the silo reveals a poignant attempt to cling to a vanishing frontier, a point I have stolen from the Turner Thesis (*I Sleep With Sheep* by Maude G. Turner, Bernard Geis, 1966).



Dr. Schoenstein developing a computer profile of America's glands as they enter the Seventies.

III. INTERRACIAL INTERCOURSE
A. The Merriest Melting Pot
(1) Why is Adam Clayton Powell
(a) posing as a Negro?

The survey clearly reveals that in the United States today, everyone is doing it to everyone else regardless of race, creed or gender. Actually, to be precise, 83.4% of the people are doing it to 82.9% (the discrepancy is caused by rape), but this eruption of cosmopolitan copulation is so impressive that it momentarily drove me into unscientifically colloquial hyperbole. You can bet your sweet ass that this won't happen again.

Let us move from the general to the particular and note some specific cases of what we at the institute call mattress malleability. Only two short years ago, the average citizen of Yonkers was content to go to bed either with *Playboy,* a banana or someone's underpants, but these primitive conditions have changed dramatically. For example, a 53-year-old unmarried male barber said that his wet dreams now star Indira Gandhi instead of Zsa Zsa Gabor.

"I know they're about the same age," he said, "but passive resistance turns me on."

A lunch with Rose Franzblau isn't needed to interpret the change in this man's attitude from masturbatory provincial to internationally virile. Further illustrating this theme, a 39-year-old married female dentist said that she recently went all the way from Yonkers to the United Nations Gift Shop just to get a new fetish from one of the emerging nations. Note the use of the word emerging, which clearly means coming out.

Interestingly enough, my staff and I didn't learn about this new cosmopolitanism from our questionnaire, some of which was misunderstood by all of the people, all of which was misunderstood by some of the people and none of which delighted the postal authorities. I trust that it will not discredit our conclusions to here admit that there was an almost total lack of communication between us and the subjects, whose Dionysian depths we dared to dabble in. For example, after the question "Do you feel that sexual contacts between races are acceptable?" a 68-year-old unmarried male transvestite wrote, "Ridiculous question. Anybody over 12 is fair game." But the races we had in mind were not the ethnic ones but the Olympic Games and the knowledge that we wanted was: "Do you feel it is proper to grab a quick one under the stands between the shotput and the 440?"

I apologize for the ambiguity of this as well as most of the other questions, ambiguity that moved several people to write valuable critiques of the questionnaire. In my next sex survey, I plan to be guided by such thoughtful analyses as:

"Do you people think I'm a schmuck?"

"Stupid question."

"This is really criminal."

"Do I get a prize?"

"Ignorantly phrased."

"I gather I'm not supposed to understand any of this."

"I'm weak on sex, but try me on middleweight champions."

"If you're not out of here in 30 seconds, I'll call the police."

"Is this for Internal Revenue?"

One 42-year-old unemployed male boccie player wrote, "The questionnaire stinks on incest." I must admit that he was right: the incest authority on my staff, Dr. Sam Hermy, was recalled by the Merchant Marine before he could finish phrasing his question. We were finally able to get a rough draft of the question from Dr. Hermy's fiancée, Regina Hermy, but it came too late to give us incest coverage in the survey. We have, however, graciously donated it to the Menninger Clinic for a forthcoming study of the King family.

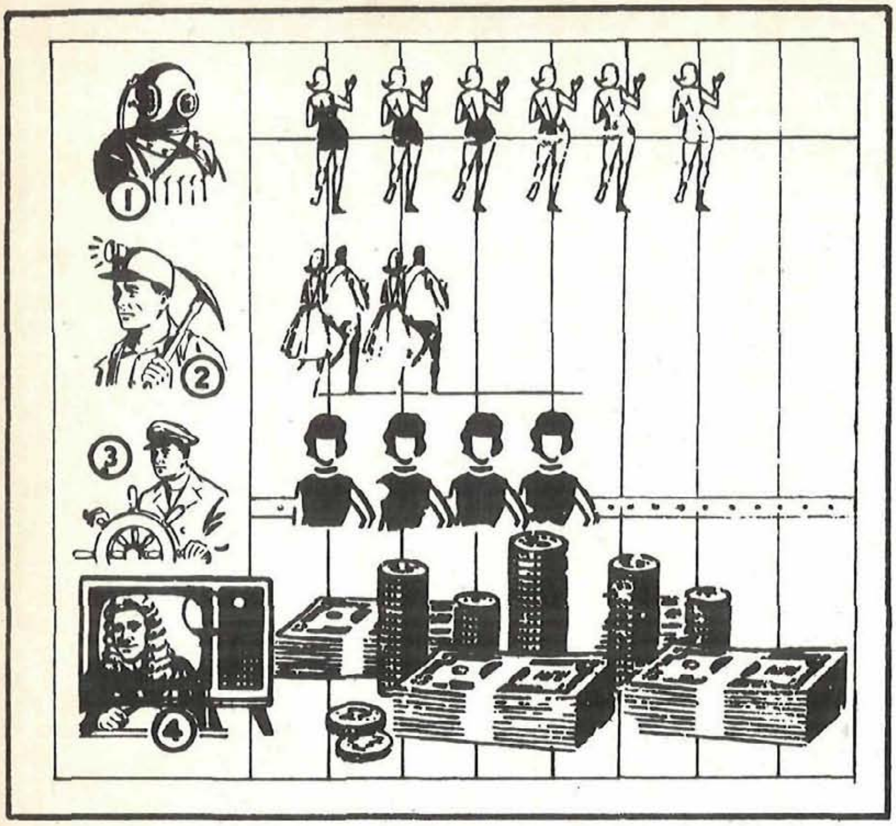
Some people suggested that the survey also stank on perversion, although this feeling was somewhat balanced by those who felt that it stank *of* perversion. Unfortunately, we here encounter the relativity of definition. *All* sex is perversion to me. Perhaps this is not precisely the ideal attitude for a sex researcher, but it was given to me by my mother and therefore is something quite precious. I will never get used to the fact that one person can actually stick something into another and not only escape arrest but get the blessings of Dr. Peale. Needless to say, I didn't let this private view affect my objectivity in making the survey. Whenever some confession got too disgusting for me, I turned over the interview to an assistant, walked out of the room and thought about Mother Cabrini.

IV. THE NEW MORALITY
A. Do Nice Guys Finish Last or in a Tie with the Girl?
(1) What species is man?
(a) None of the above

Ever since the Bible said, "Turn the other cheek," a command whose sexual meaning is only now being understood, men have wondered if intercourse is a sin.



The good Doctor tactfully probing the psyche of a pre-pubescent subject.



Degree of on-the-job fantasy involvement in standard statistical units.

When we are depressed after intercourse, is God trying to tell us something or do all other animals feel the same way? Do hamsters and hedgehogs also get the post-hump dumps?

Now, at last, the returns are in: *89.3 %* (italics not mine) of the people in Yonkers think that man is an animal. When this figure is coupled with the fact that 40.8 % of the poodles think they're *people,* we have data of such Darwinian dimension that I quickly reversed charges to Margaret Mead for a consultation.

"If man truly *is* an animal," I said, "then mustn't we change our laws and allow marriage to chimpanzees?"

"Beats the crap outta me," said the cultured voice on the line. "This ain't Mrs. Mead. I just come in to clean."

In spite of this woman's rather limited credentials, I still took the opportunity to enrich the survey with her views on nudity, pornography, incest, illegitimacy, orgy, fellatio and rape, all of which she favored in moderation. She ended our seminar by saying, "Gotta do the kitchen now. I'll have Mrs. Mead call you back if you want some dirty jokes about Samoa."

"No," I said, "I just want to know if she thinks that man is an animal."

"Men are animals!" she cried and hung up.

Her observation may have been less than scientific, but it surely was valid, for the survey reveals that morals in Yonkers today are somewhere between those of Richard Nixon and Genghis Khan. Most people, of course, aren't as completely bad as Nixon or as good as Khan: they're in a median, silent majority of God-fearing tax evaders who hate the Bill of Rights, miss Herbert Hoover and pretend that they're copulating with someone other than the glands at hand. In fact, a nice index of a community's ethics is to note the mental substitutions for partners during intercourse. My staff and I learned that 54.6 % of the copulating husbands in Yonkers pretend that their wives are Raquel Welch, while 19.1 % of the wives pretend that their husbands are *Robert* Welch. A juxtaposition that reveals only moral decay.

The cause of this decay is either the water or rotten genes; one cannot be sure. We are only scientists and really not even that. However, my staff and I *do* know that sex education in Yonkers has certainly laid an egg, for 12 % of the people we interviewed actually felt that masturbation would cause a falling off of the penis and/or popularity. And in some of the homes that we forcibly entered, we found women who were using Saran Wrap for contraception and diaphragms to package tuna fish.

These personal interviews were conducted to supplement the rather bungled mailing of the questionnaires. The first six people that I visited each said, "I don't want any," clear signs of frigidity; but at the seventh home, I was welcomed by a 75-year-old married female gypsy, who made some tea, put on a Fats Waller record, and then confessed to a lifelong desire to have relations with the head of Nationalist China.

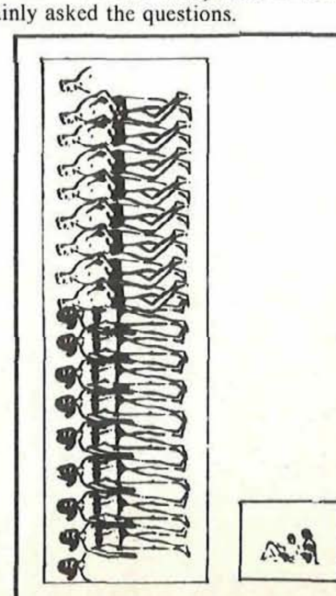
"Man, I'd sure love a Chiang bang," she said in the quaint argot of her district, which lay adjacent to Gimbels Westchester. "I'll bet you think it's sick to be so hung up on old Chinese wing wang."

I told her that I made no moral judgments on her depravity. In fact, she seemed so grandly typical that I asked permission to project her for California, Nevada and southern Maine; and then we abandoned dreams to discuss her real relationship with her gypsy husband.

"He may wear a golden earring," she said, "but he belongs to half the broads in Yonkers."

It was just another poignant picture of American morality as the sexual revolution hurls our hapless hormones into the '70's.

So much for the formal conclusions of *The Schoenstein Report.* What, then, have we learned from our searing 72-hour study of these more than two dozen typical exhibitionists of Yonkers, N.Y.? We have, I regret, concluded preciously little, but one must always be wary of absolutes; or, in the words of Albert Einstein, "Don't be smartass." There are two basic reasons why 96 % of the data reaped in this survey led to no conclusions: (1) because of its miscellaneous nature; (2) because of the ineptitude of my staff. (They have, for example, made an awful botch of filing data on the causes of acne in Black Muslims.) Yes, answers we may have missed almost completely; but, in the tradition of Socrates and Lawrence E. Spivak, we have certainly asked the questions. □



Cosmopolitan copulation index, showing rape discrepancy.

And The Truth Will Set You Free

MONDO perverto

35c
50c in Canada and West of the Rockies

EXPOSE MAGAZINE

SINVILLE, U.S.A.





THE CASE FOR KILLING OUR AGED







VAMPIRE COWS

Mondo Guernsey

NYMPHO WILLS HEART TO ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

IS YOUR ROAD OF LIFE UNDER CONSTRUCTION? HAS THE BIG OUIJA BOARD IN THE SKY BEEN JERKING YOU AROUND? ARE THE THREE BLIND FATES SPINNING THE WEB OF LIFE AND DROPPING YOUR STITCHES? HAS DESTINY KICKED YOU IN THE TEETH SO OFTEN THAT YOUR DENTAL PLATES WOBBLE?

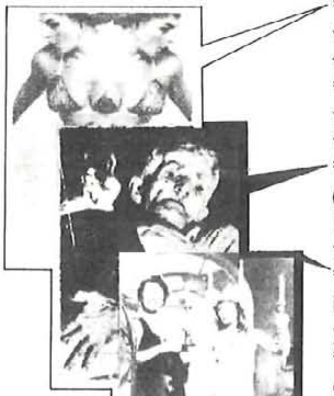
HERE'S GOOD NEWS FOR MISFITS!



Written centuries before the Dawn of History, the Scrolls of Wor-Teg-Rôeg, Atlantean sage and revered prophet (who actually foretold the San Francisco earthquake, World War I and the tragic death of James Dean), were found and deciphered by our publishing company. All is revealed: The Antidote to Folly, Freeing the Soul from the Tyranny of the Flesh, the ESP Phone Booth in your Head, Squelching Gravity's Curse, a Cure for Cancer Using Common Household Ingredients, Serenity through Cosmic Discipline, **and much more.**

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173 secret pressure points



suitable for framing!



MONDO SHOCKO

FEMALE IMPERSONATOR FOOLS HUBBY

Let's Cat Out of Bag at Golden Wedding Fête

Anthony DiStefano bussed his wife gently on the cheek. "I have a surprise for you honey!" the South Bend contractor announced, handing his wife a zircon-studded, 14k. gold bracelet that signified 50 years of connubial bliss.

"And I have a surprise for you, sweetheart!" rejoined Mrs. Sandra DiStefano and pulled up her skirt to reveal ***(continued on page 15)***

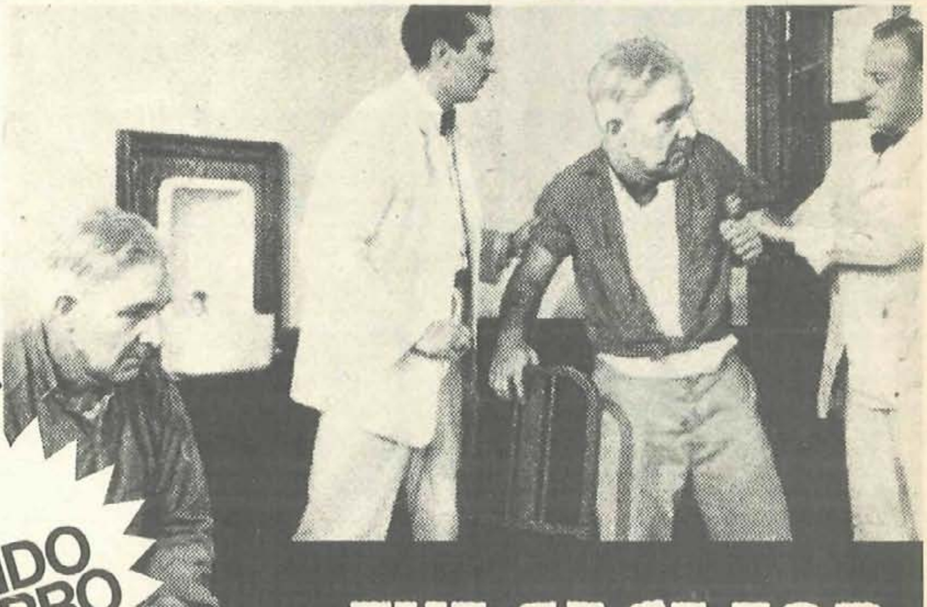


Designed by Dennis Hermanson



Even those "in the know" have difficulty telling attractive Mrs. Sandra DiStefano from the real McCoy!

"Let's give Ma Nature a hand!" says noted scientist.



MONDO BIZARRO

THE CASE FOR

"You've had your fun! Now, bug out!" Dr. Ahntholz advises golden-ager.

KILLING OUR AGED



Lingerie model Jill Bijou not affected by strange proposal. She'll be spared!

"The Eskimos had the right idea—feed them to the dogs!" Dr. Carl Ahntholz, resident director of the Pasadena Institute of Geriatrics and Intergalactic Communications, told a *Mondo Perverto* reporter in an exclusive interview last week. "For one thing," he went on to explain, "they block traffic by taking too long to cross intersections. For another, Medicare wastes valuable funds that could be put to good use easing housing shortages and racial strife. Just some rat poison in their Geritol and ... ***(continued on page 17)***



Main Street, Your Home Town—where the weird is commonplace!

SINVILLE, U.S.A.

The Shame of Our Small Towns

A Special Report by *Mondo Perverto Exposé Magazine* that rips the lid off rural America!

Imagine the surprise and dismay of one mother who, upon hearing curious sounds coming from her 9-year-old daughter's bedroom, flung open the door only to discover the Campfire girl whipping a Barbie Doll and screaming dementedly, her freckled face flushed with desire, "Baroness Frieda Von Himmelwick will teach you what it means to grovel!!!" And where did little Suzy pick up these warped proclivities? A frantic search by the miffed mom revealed, hidden between the covers of *My Weekly Reader*, a dog-eared copy of *Nude Dudes at the Bar Nothing Ranch*, a typical smut book that can be purchased at any local drugstore for less than a schoolgirl's milk money. One would expect this to have taken place among the glitter and tinsel of some big 24-hour city, where dime-a-dance girls lure the unsuspecting into the "tenderloin" and steal their wallets. Wrong! It happened in an average, run-of-the-mill small town that may well be your own!

Experts Blush

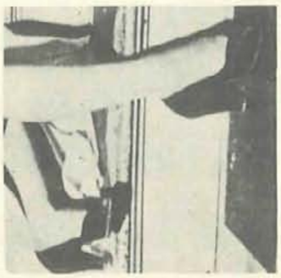


Recent clinical studies of sin in rural America have unearthed some startling facts. Case-hardened professionals were shocked. Behind the innocent facade of cannons on the courthouse lawn, band concerts in the park, Welcome Wagons, church suppers, malt shops, PTA meetings, Tupperware parties, quilting bees, corn husks and the like, lies a veritable snake's nest of corruption, depravity and unmitigated filth. In the words of a 1968 report by a panel of top sexologists, "Our small towns are nothing less than hotbeds of promiscuity!" They listed among their findings: glue-sniffing orgies where anything goes, motel call girls shamelessly flaunting their wanton wares, raging VD epidemics, strip canasta, lust-crazed carhops, blue movies starring teen-age honor students cavorting in wild abandon, panty raids, heavy petting, B-girls plying "the world's oldest profession" in sleazy trailer camps, drag races, nude Hula-Hoop contests, beatnik love nests, white slavery, gang-shags involving roving bands of juvenile delinquents hopped up on "goofballs," divorcees, exotic bongo dancers parading their pulsing passions at wide-open smokers, dingy tattoo parlors, and even wife-swapping parties with books of King Korn trading stamps! Countless times they found all of the above in the same town!





College co-eds on sex binge where anything goes!



Glue-sniffing turns nice girls into sluts!

WEIRD BUT TRUE!

Thomas Edison died before he was 40! Yet he had invented the light bulb the phonograph, and the radio in his brief span!

110-year-old Jim Sitts of Cut Bank, Montana, has never been sick a day in his life! He attributes his longevity and good health to a strict diet of honey, fruit juices, raisins, molasses, Sara Lee cakes, meat, bread, celery, noodles and tuna fish, soup, Eggs Benedict, Chinese food, brook trout, poultry, chocolate-covered

(continued on page 17)

Crazed Motorist Slays 4

Fresno, Cal., Aug 24 (ENS)—Police nabbed Clint Walman yesterday when the37-year-old Pasadena resident, driving a rented truck, ran down and killed four pedestrians at a Fresno intersection. All of the victims were over 60 years of age. According to arresting officers, Walman, alias Dr. Carl Ahntholz, using forged medical degrees from European universities, had been passing himself off as a licensed physician. Authorities have been hunting the one-time aluminum siding salesman since his escape last year from the Napa Home for the Criminally Insane.



"Americans are lousy lovers," quips perky Teddi Bear, runner-up in this year's Miss Wall-to-Wall Carpeting Contest. "They all want the entrée before nibbling the hors d'oeuvres."

THE VAMPIRE COWS
(continued from page 12)

electric fences!" exclaimed Detective Donald Neely.

But there is more than one resident of this small Wyoming town who cannot suppress a shudder when confronted with a milk bottle.



ARTHRITIS LINKED TO BALL POINT PENS

COMING NEXT WEEK



WEIRD BUT TRUE
(continued from page 16)

cherries, French fries, coffee, vegetables, spaghetti, mince pie, butter, corned beef and pastrami sandwiches, vanilla pudding and cheap muscatel!

Delaware is in control of a foreign power and has been since 1959!

It's sad but true: **Gals don't put out for a drop out!** Small wonder that no curvaceous cutie wants to "go all the way" for some chump who dosen't even know when the Edict of Nantes was revoked, which South American country supplies most of the world's bismuth, or how to find the circumference of a circle whose diameter is 26 inches!

If you're "striking out" because you didn't finish high school, send for our free booklet that shows how you can quickly and easily earn a diploma in your own home. Do it today . . . **and you'll do "it" tomorrow!**

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TEXAS TALL



Howdy, Parner! Do folks "look down" on you because you're 5'6" **or under?** Then change your nickname from "Shrimp" to "Stringbean" with

Bucko Bill's Elevator Boots*

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Mrs. Keeler's

DO-IT-YOURSELF SEX CHANGE KIT!

Why spend thousands to go to Denmark when, with Mrs. Keeler's SEX-CHANGE Kit, you can do-it-yourself in the privacy of your own home for only $14.95! Thanks to "Plast-O-Gen," the "scientific breakthrough" substance that lets you form new organs as easily as modeling clay, what was once a difficult and complex operation for even experienced surgeons is now a simple and painless procedure that can be performed by any housewife. Your kit comes complete with: 1 scalpel, 1 sponge, 3 clamps, 1 local anesthetic, 1 jar depilatory cream, 1 needle, 1 spool surgical thread, 5 *retractors*, 1 *mirror*, 12 cotton swabs, 1 bottle hormone pills, 1 bottle iodine, 1 pair rubber gloves, 3 band-aids, 1 instruction manual, and 8 ozs. of Plast-O-Gen! Everything you need for a new start in life!



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I'm tired of my situation! Please send me my Mrs. Keeler's **Do-It-Yourself** SEX-CHANGE Kit immediately! I understand that the easy-to-follow instructions and "Plast-O-Gen," the "scientific breakthrough" substance, make everything easy as pie! I'd like to become (check one):
( ) a man! ( ) a woman! ( ) a little of both!
Enclosed find $14.95. ($1 deposit required on all C.O.D. orders.)

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ACT NOW and we will include **Mrs. Keeler's Name Guide**, a list of over 6,000 men's and women's names, plus meanings and origins, from which you can choose **your new name!**

NYMPHO WILLS HEART TO ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



One of the most bizarre pages in medical history was written recently in the small town of Averdupois, Wis., by a luscious blonde play-for-pay girl eager to "do something" for Western Civilization. Young Agnes Ajork, a "nice girl" whose uncontrollable sexual urges had led her deeper and deeper into a jungle of lust and deprivation, shocked the legal and medical communities when she announced that she planned to leave her heart to the late Eleanor Roosevelt.

Agnes's "change of heart" came, she told the shocked legal and medical communities, when she came upon a copy of Mrs. Roosevelt's book *This I Remember* in the Averdupois Public Library while waiting for a gentleman friend.

SINVILLE, U.S.A. *(continued)*

Buxom Beauties

More than one irate parent has been heard to ask: "Where will it all end? What have we come to? Is this why our forefathers shed their blood at Valley Forge?" No!" replies Mrs. Bernice Fletcher, founder and president of the SOYBEAN—Save Our Youth (by) Banning Eroticism And Nudity League. "It's time we clamped down on the smut peddlers!" she continued. "Let's stem the tide of French postcards, Tijuana bibles, lewd photos, beaver books and rubber novelties that threaten to tear the fabric of moral decency to tatters! Wake up, United States!! Form concerned citizens committees! Write your congressman demanding stiff penalties for 'porn pushers.' Know where your children are after 9 P.M.!"

Throes of Ecstasy

Perhaps Mrs. Fletcher is right. And, then again, perhaps not. But something had better be done before *your* little girl walks into a drugstore and says: "Hello, mister drugstore man! I'd like a jump rope, some Snickers bars and this bizarre sex book!" Act today, before it's too late!

High school locker rooms—breeding ground for deviates!



HOLDS LIKE



END DENTAL PLATE *WOBBLE*

Eat saltwater taffy every night when you use *Dr. Medico's Incredible Dental Creme!* Available at fine drugstores everywhere.

A BULLDOG!

Sexsational BLUE MOVIE! **The Penthouse Girls**—They knew that women get to the top by "going down!" 50'—$3. 100'—$5. 8mm b&w only. Send to NICK'S NOVELTIES, P.O. Box 34, Haskell, Oklahoma 41863



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Spanish Fly Bubble Gum—your sweetheart will blow more than bubbles when she takes a chomp on this! Swell gag for the office! Send $1.00 to Ray-C Products, P.O. Box 223, Hollywood, California 36505.



Do you know that 35% of all farm boys have had Animal Contacts?

It's true, and I was one of the first to know. I love groovy things like that. I love satin sheets in wild-out colors, and if the pillow goes "whoopee"—so much the better. Last year, I learned how to make Big Money by electroplating baby shoes in my home. This *year, I'm going to take a long vacation in Denmark (and maybe come back a whole* new me!*) I love the paper that tells me* How. Now. *I guess you could say that I'm that Mondo Perverto Girl.*

If you want to reach me, you'll find me reading *Mondo Perverto Exposé Magazine.*



FANCY EUROPEAN NOBLE ARISTOCRAT TURNS INTO SHEEP

Countess Absinthe Esterhazy-Oldreich and Escort (right).

FANCY EUROPEAN NOBLE ARISTOCRAT COUNTESS TURNS INTO SHEEP

The rich friends of wealthy society countess Absinthe Esterhazy-Oldreich used to sit around their castles and palaces wondering how the unusual noblewoman managed to stay so young. At 84 (an age when most countesses are being force-fed Pablum), the Cut-Up Countess, as she was known, could be seen nightly in the off-color night spots of her native Geneva undulating her lithe 84-year-old body to the obscene strains of a mazurka, accompanied by a retinue of well-built footmen.

Now, the rich friends of the Cut-Up Countess have something *new to wonder about. "However did Countess Absinthe Ester*hazy-Oldreich turn herself into a sheep— . . . And *why?"* they ask each other in their funny foreign accents.

In Geneva, where the weird is commonplace, it takes a lot to raise the manicured eyebrows of those jaded noble aristocrats. But it's not every day, even in this debauched city (the scene of the fabled Big Four meeting in 1955), that a mazurka-crazed countess turns into a sheep. Not every day. Not by a long shot.

MONDO PERVERTO EXPOSÉ MAGAZINE has learned that the stranger-than-fiction explanation to this countess-*into-sheep phenomenon lies in the secret sex laboratories of* ex-Nazi pediatrician Hans Glue, long a pivotal figure in Geneva's pleasure-mad *haute monde.*

In the waning days of World War II, as the Nazi holocaust abated, Hitler's perverted minions (many of them disguised as nuns or debutantes), scurried for safety to neutral Geneva. Of their number was a young asthmatic pediatrician, Dr. Hans Glue. High on a mountaintop near downtown Geneva, he established a secret sex laboratory. Hither would come YOUTH-CRAZED ARISTOCRATS. Of their number was a middle-aged countess, Absinthe Esterhazy-Oldreich, the black sheep of an ancient family.

For nearly 30 years, the Countess partook of Dr. Glue's sinister youth secret. Injected with hormones taken from merino sheep, the countess kept her youth and her fabled sex drive at fever pitch. Then, shortly after Thanksgiving, 1968, the first signs of divine retribution began to appear on the Countess's hitherto flawless body. The secret was closely guarded, but finally, months later, a disgruntled footman let the secret slip—the COUNTESS HAD WOOL GROWING ON HER BACK. Now helplessly crazed by the mazurka, the prisoner of wanton *habits, the Countess made her way semiweekly to Dr. Glue for* her strange injections. Heedless of all warning, she continued to take the fateful merino hormone.

Now, the Countess dances the mazurka no more. Beyond the help of even the strongest depilatory, the Cut-Up Countess lives as a recluse on a Montana ranch. In Geneva, where the weird is commonplace, people wonder. It could only happen in sick, sick Switzerland.



It all depends on how you look at things.

Some people might call that picture "dirty".

Others would find it refreshingly candid, good fun, and an honest yet tasteful reflection of today's new social and moral freedom.



If you're in this second group, you can understand why PENTHOUSE, the International Magazine for Men, has become the most successful magazine publishing venture in the English speaking world in the past decade.

The British edition, begun five years ago, is the largest-selling magazine of its kind in a number of countries throughout Europe (surpassing the "bunny"). And the new American edition is quickly winning readers over to its own distinctive coverage of all the things that interest men.





PENTHOUSE gives you the picture without the lectures. The pinups without the hangups. Writers, yes; philosophizers, no. Adult entertainment with a unique international flavor, ranging from outspoken contemporary comment to stunning photographic essays of today's most beautiful women. Exclusive interviews with significant personalities. Informed sociological studies. Humor. Music and theatre. Brilliant new fiction. Business and finance. Food and drink. Travel. And authoritative reports on the rapidly changing attitudes and manners in men's fashion and grooming.

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2,500,000 Men have already seen it our way.

Advertisers: for particulars, call Kathy Keeton/New York (212) 421-4060/4651.

I, a Splurch

By Dr. Sexx

There once was a birdie
Named Seymour the Splurch,
Who was born and brought up
On a small wooden perch.



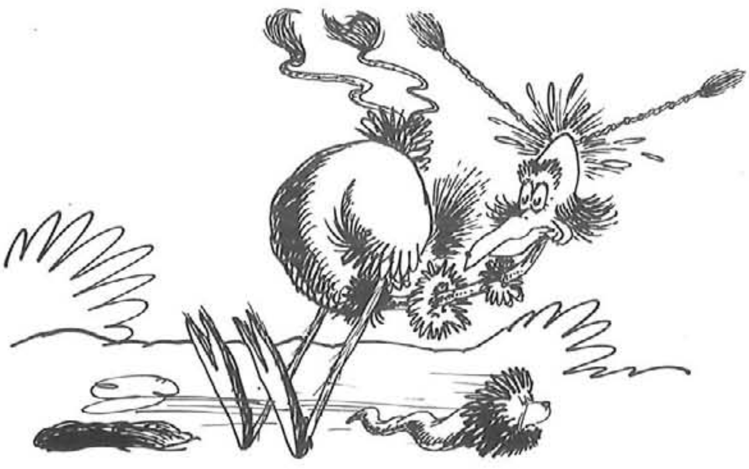
Now the Splurch was a good bird,
He worked hard at school,
And studied, especially,
The Splurch golden rule,
Which told all young Splurches
To learn and to grow,
To wonder and question,
And hunger to know,
To trust other Splurches,
(Even those over thirty),
But to never, Godammit,
Do anything DIRTY!

Now the Splurch always minded,
He did just what they said.
When he flew over nudists,
He'd turn up his head.

He never took birdseed
From drooling old strangers,
Or got into cars
With their unexplained dangers.

Seymour, in short,
Was as good as they came,
A credit, they said,
To the grand old Splurch name.

But one day
While digging for Greebles to seize,
Seymour sensed a strange quiver
Just north of his knees.

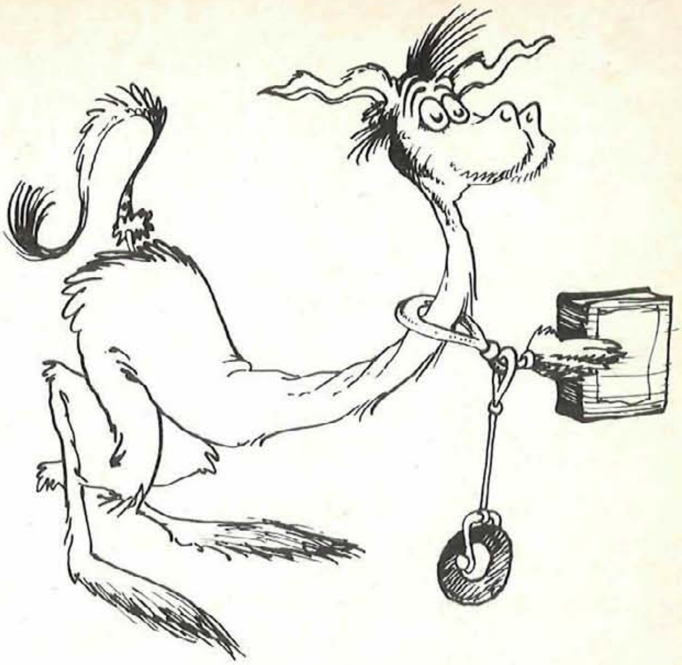


So Seymour looked down
At this strange complication,
And found that he'd sprouted
A new decoration.

Where before his young drumsticks
Shook hands with his rump,
He found he'd produced
An elongated lump.

And to go with his growth
He found himself feeling
Several strange new emotions
Which set his mind reeling.

So he packed up his birdseed
(He'd just bought a new shipment),
And went searching for someone
To explain his equipment.



He tried his librarian,
Morris the Glapper,
Who slipped him a book
In a brown paper wrapper.

He flipped through the index,
Found the chapters he needed,
But the relevant pages
Had all been deleted.

He next tried his neighbors,
Two flying pink Frumers,
Whose cohabitation
Had caused many rumors.



They listened politely,
Then shot a quick glance
At the source of his troubles.
(Seymour wished he'd worn pants.)

"Here let us show you!"
They both giggled at last,
But their whips, boots and chains
Told him, "Beat it, and fast!"



ART BY PETER BRAMLEY

He next sought advice
From the fluff-tailed Gazorning,
Who gave him a wallop
And added a warning,
"If you touch what you've got there,
Or give it a tweak,
You'll go blind in the eyes,
And grow warts on your beak!"

This made the Splurch nervous.
His eyesight was ace,
But the urges and surges
Were picking up pace.

He thought of his grandpa,
An aged Splurch wreck,
Who in fact *had* gone blind
And grown warts on his neck.

"But what is it good for?"
Thought Seymour still doubting
The point or the use of
The thing he was sprouting.

But an urgent new yearning
Had flickered and grown.
His claws started sweating;
He let out a moan.

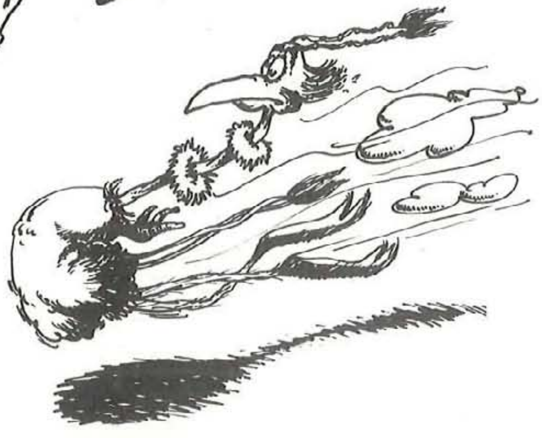
"What I need's a girl,
One's good as another!"
But the only Splurch girlie
He knew was his mother.

Seymour's sex education
I'm afraid had been slight,
And he didn't know doodling
Your mommy's not right.

He'd never been taught
About unnatural sex,
And dozed off
When his teacher read *Oedipus Rex*.

So Seymour took off
In a state of great haste,
For the throbs in his wishbone
Left no time to waste.







But alas for the Splurch,
Fickle Fate held a catch.
When he knocked at mom's door,
His *dad* opened the latch.

"Stand back!" hollered Seymour,
"I've got to see mum!"
And he lunged for the bedroom,
Still not sure why he'd come.

His father, however,
Was not so confused.
He glanced at his son,
Saw he'd no time to lose.
Then a flapping of wings
And a screeching ensued,
Which I'd like to describe,
But it might seem too crude.



At any rate,
Later that evening at nine,
Seymour's two parents
Both sat down to dine.

The dinner was perfect.
The wine was superb.
But the hit of the feast
Was a tender roast bird
With two wings and two drumsticks,
And—excuse the digression,
But Seymour's old dad
Had to carve with discretion.
For although most roast birdies
Are eaten completely,
A small part of this one
Was severed quite neatly.





So, kids, if you liked
This short yarn I've been spinning,
If it set you to twitching
And started you grinning,
Don't miss my next book,
Which tells of the Gringus,
A small furry rodent
Who learns cunnilingus. □

—JOHN WEIDMAN

ROCKWALL ENGRAVIN

On March 19, 1969, Normal Rockwall, the pre-eminent artist of the *lumpen proletariat*, was puttering around his monstrously quaint studio in Middlebrow, Vt., looking for something cute to draw. But as he surveyed his vast collection of apple pies, front porches, iron flamingos and stuffed cocker spaniels, he found himself suddenly drained of creative inspiration, thirsting for something. "You know . . . sort of . . . way out." Reaching for his customary mug of saltines dissolved in warm cream soda, Rockwall, as if by some fated design, accidentally picked up and drained off his jar of paint thinner. "Suddenly," Rockwall relates, "I felt sort of . . . you know, kooky." But from that fortuitous *Sturm und Drang* sprang what will be Rockwall's most sought-after—and possibly most naughty—work!

What had started out to be a series of commemorative illustrations for the Daughters of the American Revolution entitled *Death Before Dishonor* wound up, with the help of the paint thinner, as a whole portfolio of jaw-droppingly pornographic sketches depicting every conceivable sexual perversion known to flourish among the secret love-slaves of Middle America! Throughout the engravings, voluptuous cheerleaders surrender themselves to lovable and lustful old country doctors, sinewy grandmothers writhe on drugstore counters with pimply soda jerks, and snub-nosed 10-year-old tads are observed behind the corncrib locked in the embrace of love with good old Spot.

For nearly seven hours Rockwall worked in an addled frenzy, turning out dozens of drawings in a single burst of turpentine-induced hysteria, sometimes even forgetting to peel back the paper on his crayon! "Zowie!", "Oh you kid!", he would exclaim as each new obscenity was ripped from the memo pad, and so ecstatic was he that on several occasions he called in his cleaning lady, Margaret, to view the progress of his great work, whereupon, like clockwork, Margaret would promptly whimper, "Land sakes!" and faint.

Finally sobering up, Rockwall stared at the pile of work he had produced, exclaimed, "Holy cow!" and bundled them up neatly for immediate incineration in the potbellied stove. However, just then, Ralph Greenback (publisher, editor and writer of **Avant-Gauche** magazine) burst through the door cleverly disguised as a Federal agent, served the surprised Rockwall with a writ of *hocus pocus* and "confiscated" the entire parcel of dirty doodlings.

This newest swindle is undoubtedly Greenback's masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of an aging *enfant terrible* whose whole life has been dedicated to fooling enough of the people enough of the time. "The average subscriber to my magazine," Greenback is fond of quipping, "is intellectually aware, emotionally free, spiritually adventurous, and born every minute." His remarkable acquisition of Rockwall's 347 erotic engravings is but the capstone to an awe-inspiring record of turning court convictions into free promotional campaigns and artistic sows' ears into pure gravy.

If the artistic value of Rockwall's "347 Gravules" is microscopic, their commercial value in the hands of a dollar-jockey like Ralph Greenback is little less than astronomical. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 2,000,000 sets, will be promoted in ads like this in every magazine in the world until every last human being on the planet has a copy of these goddamn scribbles.

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively uniform in their opinions. "These etchings are beyond belief! Never have I seen such bald-faced . . . on the reading public!" rhapsodizes Thomas Hoving, Director of New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art. "Rockwall's entire reputation is . . . by this . . . simply astounding . . . lapse. . !" warbles Andrew Wyeth. LIFE: "Rockwall . . . incredible . . . desperate attempt . . . commercialism." TIME: "Commercialism . . . desperate attempt . . . incredible . . . Rockwall." Norman Podhoretz, Commentary: "Absolutely . . . redeeming artistic merit . . . deranged effort to . . . public recognition . . . I can sympathize . . . oy." Norman Mailer: "Nobody . . . sleep . . . Anopopei . . . crap." Pope Paul VI: *"Huic Rockwalli 'Inscritio Erotici' . . . repugno . . . mediocro et pornographissimo . . . et excommunicare!"* Marcel Proust: *"La plume de ma tante est dans son oreille."*

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that Ralph Greenback announces that **Avant-Gauche** has been chosen as the medium through which these remarkable engravings will be foisted upon the world. In signing an airtight document now held by Ralph Greenback, Normal Rockwall has graciously appointed **Avant-Gauche** as the sole proscenium for the presentation of the *crème de la crème* (cream of the cream) of Rockwall's engravings. **Avant-Gauche** will offer fully six of the 347 engravings, each precious engraving having *its own side of a page* upon which to recline with truly regal opulence. Mindful of the awesome responsibility that **Avant-Gauche** holds, it has spared neither craft nor cunning in packaging this unprecedented artistic treasure.

To begin with, an entire issue of **Avant-Gauche**—over 347 hefty square inches!—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising despite the extra $35 that could be made from trusses and mail-order rubber novelties. The world's foremost graphic designer, Hans Phingerpeint, will be retained to lay out Rockwall's engravings with that special quality rarely seen outside isolation wards for terminal astigmatics. Costly antique Handi-wipe paper stocks and semi-precious Carter's inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming Nipponese xerography by the last living master of that little-known Oriental craft, and will be meticulously bound in a luxurious cover composed of a secret blending of aged firecracker stuffing and the finest organic lints. Stitched by fully operational Singer sewing machines and painstakingly hand-embossed by selected salad forks, this lavishly produced issue will be *personally hand-delivered to your mailbox* by a specially trained Federal courier

L'S EROTIC

GS*

wearing eye-catching blue livery with brass buttons on his tunic and cap! Ralph Greenback is determined to make Rockwall's "347 Gravures" a landmark not only in the history of art but of mail fraud as well.

Copies of this special collector's edition of Avant-Gauche will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—ABSOLUTELY FREE—to all new subscribers of Avant-Gauche who send a FREE-will donation to FREE Ralph Greenback from the Nazi Censor Kangaroo Court. All donors will also receive a FREE "FREE Ralph" bumper sticker absolutely FREE.

In case you've never heard of **Avant-Gauche,** let us explain that it is the most daring magazine today. Although launched over two years ago, Ralph Greenback has dared to send his subscribers only one lousy issue, and that one ran a three-page ad urging the reader to *re*-subscribe. **Avant-Gauche** has earned a reputation for an editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom*, particularly from fusty old Establishment shibboleths such as "taste" or "truth in packaging." Unlike some thin-blooded, wishy-washy, namby-pamby magazines, **Avant-Gauche** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice its ideals at the phony altar of so-called "content" or so-called "entertainment." Thus, **Avant-Gauche** serves consistently as a haven for the painting that is "too pretentious," for the cartoon that is "too pointless," the reportage that is "too inaccurate," the opinion that is "too sophomoric" and the photograph that is "too grainy." **Avant-Gauche** is proud of its reputation as the "too-bercular" member of the Academy of Arts and Letters.

In addition to Normal Rockwall, contributors to **Avant-Gauche** include such renowned figures as Ralph Greenback. Other renowned figures are Truman Capote, William Styron, Saul Bellow, Andrew Maurois, Bernard Malamud, John Steinbeck, Theodore Dreiser, James Thurber, Oscar Wilde, Mark Twain, Henry James, Franz Kafka, Feodor Dostoevsky, Robert Louis Stevenson, Albert Camus, Adolf Hitler, Greta Garbo, Howard Hughes, Judge Crater, Thomas Mann, Albrecht Dürer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Queen Marie of Romania, Amon Ra, Charles Darwin, Thomas Edison, Fatty Arbuckle, Orville Wright, Margaret Rutherford and Atilla the Hun.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of comment over **Avant-Gauche:** "Gullibility freaks, unite! If that change is smoking a hole in your Daks, there's no better way of kissing your dough good-bye than letting Greenback get a whiff of it," raves the Chagrin Falls Examiner and Sunday Bee. "Not since P.T. Barnum has there been such a colossal . . . on the American public," says The New York Times. "Hep to thee jive . . . **Avant-Gauche**. . . . Tweest-tweest . . . le jazz hot, no?" say French philosophers Jean and Paul Sartre.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Gauche** ordinarily cost $10 per year. In conjunction with this special offer, however, we are offering you a six-month introductory subscription for *ONLY $22.95!* If you send this coupon immediately, we will give you an *EXTRA ADDED BONUS* of another three months of **Avant-Gauche** for $53.75 (plus postage, handling and, oh, you know: . . .) and RUSH with your check to the bank giggling hysterically. In return, if we get around to it, we will send you a copy of **Avant-Gauche** *ABSOLUTELY FREE* of any possible interest to you except perhaps as a drop cloth for your dog. Simply fill out the adjacent coupon and mail it with $168.89 to **Avant-Gauche,** 160 E. 83d Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.

But please hurry, since these limited editions are stacked to the ceiling all over the office and Ruth hardly has room to use the mimeo. This offer may be withdrawn without notice, in which case we will cheerfully return your canceled check.

Then sit back and prepare to receive a magazine that will simply stun you with its exciting features and breathtaking pictorials. But don't hold your breath while you wait.

AVANT GAUCHE

AVANT-GAUCHE WISHES TO THANK THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS AND RELATIVES WHO ALL PITCHED IN AND HELPED RALPH GREENBACK DRAW THOSE PATHETIC ENGRAVINGS: ERNIE BUSHMILLER, THE KEANES, CHESTER GOULD, ETHEL GREENBACK AND, OF COURSE, THE KIDS.

Avant-Gauche
160 E. 83d Street
New York, N.Y. 10028

I enclose $356.65 for a special introductory subscription to **Avant-Gauche.** I understand that I *am paying only HALF PRICE* and won't have to mail in the other $356.65 until my copy arrives, in which case I will be hounded to death unless I cough up. In addition, I understand that that copy will be *ABSOLUTELY FREE* of any content whatsoever except for maybe a few out-of-focus shots of Andy Warhol's buttocks or something.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

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FAMILIAR WITH EXTORTION LAWS?

*TURN PAGE FOR FREE SAMPLE



Normal
Rockwall

17 reasons why you should read psychology today

1. Why words are the <u>least</u> important of the ways we communicate with each other.
2. The sexual reason behind the popularity of natural childbirth.
3. Why political leaders are constantly in danger of insanity.
4. Why Asians make better politicians than Westerners.
5. Do men need more recreation than women?
6. What kind of parents do hippies make?
7. Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
8. The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
9. What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
10. Are campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
11. What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
12. Why do swingers tend to become impotent?
13. Is it time to grant the right to commit suicide?
14. Does a child think before he can talk?
15. Why are today's students attracted to violence?
16. Are "hawks" sexually repressed?
17. Are some men born criminals?

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Until recently, that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

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Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started for just $6.00, my special Introductory rate—instead of the regular $10 annual price.

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KU KU SUTRA
By Roger Price

. . . being a breathtakingly frank introduction into the Garden of Sensual Delights, and Fun for the Entire Family. (Rated "M")

The publication of this translation of the *Kuku Sutra* (literally, "dirty book of the gods") represents an adventurous breakthrough hitherto unprecedented in the annals of under-the-counter sexual investigation. Compiled and translated by drooling fiends in the Schwein Institut für der Copulative Kultür (S.I.C.K.), this COMPLETELY UNEXPURGATED and FULLY ILLUSTRATED handbook of the Dark Pleasures is now finally available to physicians and laymen alike. Particularly to laymen.

Now that America has reached its maturity and entered into the Age of Total Sexual Freedom, the everyday citizen desperately needs such a FULLY ILLUSTRATED and COMPLETELY UNEXPURGATED guide to those Mysterious Arts once practiced only by crazed Armenian lust cults and your springer spaniel. Too long the repressed American public has satisfied itself with just plain Doing It, naively unaware of the fact that just plain Doing It can lead to hang-ups, or, if one is particularly prone to queasiness, "spit-ups." Doing It, say those who should know, can lead to a panoply of maladies including 1. Hostility (S. Freud), 2. Children (Dr. Spock), 3. Pimples (David Eisenhower), 4. Publicity (J. Namath), 5. Double Faults (P. Gonzalez) and 6. Motels (C. Hilton).

The FULLY ILLUSTRATED and COMPLETELY UNEXPURGATED directions following are, then, FULLY and COMPLETELY GUARANTEED to clear up any problems you may have been repress ng. Acne, too.

PERVERSE AROUSAL TECHNIQUES



FRENCH TICKLING

The man stands behind the woman, weight balanced equally on the balls (if you'll excuse the expression) of the feet. Using his right forefinger, the man executes a small, circular motion on the woman's rib cage (el kitcheekoo) and makes small, gutteral, clucking noises until the woman reaches climax and exclaims, "Stop it, Fred, you gorgeous beast!"

NOTE: This technique should not be confused with French Tackling, which requires greater muscle tone and higher insurance premiums.



CUNNILURKLE

This is a common and rewarding oral perversion. The man kisses (or attempts to kiss) the woman's right elbow as she gargles warm Listerine.

WARNING: Do not attempt Cunnilurkle and French Tickling at the same time, as this can cause unnecessary wear and tear on tooth enamel.



SADOMASOCHISM

Invented by Donatien de Sade, an 18th-century Frenchman (it figures), this classic perversion consists of one participant (preferably you) torturing the other until the torturee becomes bored, yells "Kings X," or has to go make a phone call.



FETISHISM

The man (fetishist) fastens his attentions on (or becomes romantically attached to) some object (fetishee), usually made of leather or plastic. More often than not, it is a shoe.

ADVANTAGES: Eliminates potential alimony payments.

DISADVANTAGES: Unhygienic.

FAMOUS FETISHISTS: A. S. Beck, Thom McAn.

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL SULLIVAN







TETE DE COCHON

This is another Gallic perversion and one that really deserves its name. It is accomplished by boiling a pig's head and trotters with onion, bay leaves, nutmeg and vinegar. The resulting *blech* is then arranged in a small pan and quickly thrown away.

EXHIBITIONISM (Show and Tell)

Exhibitionism is considered by many to be a crude form of show business. Others argue for the exact opposite. Exhibitionists are motivated by the peculiar notion that they are physiologically unique. Truly physiologically unique individuals do not hang around street corners but in bell jars.

FAMOUS EXHIBITIONISTS: P. T Barnum. Duchess of Alba.

PORTNOYISM

This practice has been claimed to be more of a hobby reflecting the current national resurgence of the do-it-yourself syndrome than a true perversion, although no official decision has as yet been handed down.

ADVANTAGES: No equipment necessary. (Well, *practically* none.)

DISADVANTAGES: Tends to increase golf slices and tennis elbows.

NOTE: Not to be confused with Il Peench, widely practiced Italian perversion which, properly performed, can produce pregnancy in young girls and Naples.

PERVERSE KISSING TECHNIQUES

Kissing perversely is a very trendy, tuned-in type of activity and a surefire arousal technique which can be used to precede other perversions (except Portnoyism). There are a number of jim-dandy kisses that are officially sanctioned:



BULGARIAN KISS

This is one of the more exotic types of kiss, mainly because it is hard to find a Bulgarian in the U.S. nowadays, or, at any rate, hard to get one to *admit* to being a Bulgarian. However, if one is found, kiss it. That's all.



POLISH KISS

Similar to the Bulgarian Kiss, only carried off with even less competence.



ARMENIAN KISS

Widely practiced in the lush onion plantations of Armenia, the Armenian Kiss should not be confused with the Italo-Arabic El Garlic (or Kiss of Death).



SOLE KISS (Elementary)

The origins of this perversion are shrouded in mystery, but the Institut regulars suggest that it may be an above-the-sheets relative of Fetishism. Or worse.



SOLE KISS (Intermediate)

This variation should be attempted with extreme caution. Pickerel (pictured above) should only be employed when and if pervert has mastered small flounders and buttered fillets.



FRENCH KISS

This one is not as easy as it looks. The kisser must not only be sure to kiss loaf of French bread while it is still piping hot but must also periodically shout colorful phrases such as, *"Ooh la la!"* and *"Tweest tweest, le jazz hot, no?"*

PERVERSE SEXUAL POSITIONS

REVERSE FRUGAL (El Haihowaya)

In this position, the man and the woman run the least chance of unwanted pregnancy, which is not to say that the man ran much of one in the first place.

NOTE: This position is particularly popular among Darien, Conn., housewives who wish they'd married that nice Jewish lawyer when they had had the chance.





PERSIAN BASTINADO
(El Kaif Mokafendo)

This may seem more like a simple Position than a real Perversion. Most of those who have tried it have agreed, however, that it is a Perversion.

NOTE: When attempting the Persian Bastinado, cleats are definitely not allowed. Also, a three-minute rest period every 10 minutes is recommended.



GOOMBAH

The man and the woman stand back to back with one foot raised. Each puts a hand on the other's head. When in this position, the woman is usually easily aroused if the man wiggles his toes and utters a series of erotic sounds.

SUGGESTED SOUNDS: "Murkle murkle," "Gork" or "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

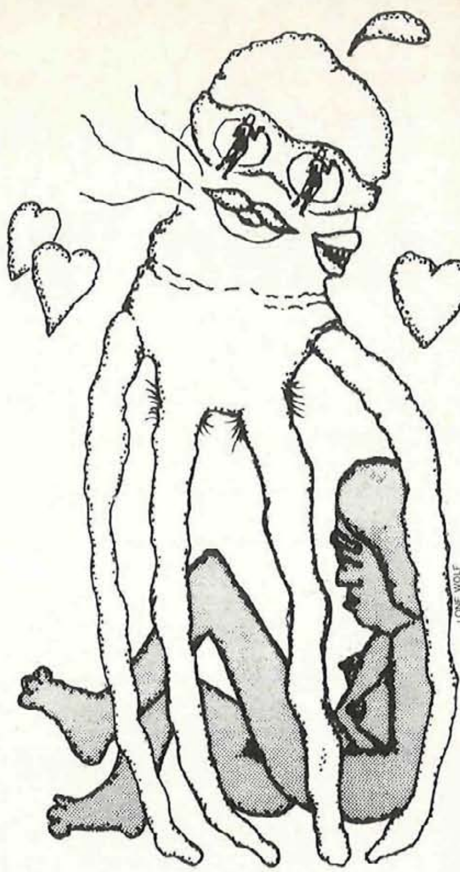


EL MODEFEDA

In this simple standing position, the man places his left arm on the woman's right shoulder, his right arm on the flat of her stomach and his other left arm on her right elbow. This position is not recommended for beginners. □

SEX POEMS

by Patrick Coffey



A CHIGGER IN THE WINTER FROST

I hate the winter frost
because I live in the ground
down a narrow hole.
The sun never gets through
so I spend my time groping.
It's cold, groping.
It's a rotten life for me.
I suck on dead bulbs and try to
eat pebbles.
My mother hated it just as much as me,
so she left.
I'm sitting here groping,
watching a worm pass.
Trying to think.
My skin hurts and my
lips are bleeding.
I'm getting very pissed off.

TO THE TERRIBLE PREGNANCY OF A BROWN YAK

snow flies bite deep & drain
your great breasts.
you moan there, high in
himalayan mist; your
mate eaten by communist
border guards. you
don't realize; you
are alone waiting.
soon, you'll foal a
lanky yak-baby. he
too will not understand.
then maybe the mist
will lift, you may
not be there—but
if you are, don't
worry: yak meat is
poisonous; the guards
will die & freeze &
that means the snow flies
have had it too. your
baby will grow big &
brown & carry your song
& sufferings to all the
yaks within miles, making
this time a splendid
example to mothers
everywhere.

I MET MY LOVE IN BRIDGEPORT

i met my love in Bridgeport
sitting on a turned-up crate
she had a wart on her lovely face
so i asked her for a date

she had a brother in Singapore
and a sister in Bogota
an aunt and an uncle in Montreal
and a nephew in Zanzibar

i said i didn't give a damn
about these foreign ports
i said i liked the small town type
'sides—i had this thing for warts.

POEM TO THE ENZYMES

come little pee nibblers
come & let me understand
you—
tell me of your life &
love amongst the
bubbles—
explain & let me touch
your plump little
bellies—
recite your hopes &
prejudices
tell me of your god—
speak of your heroes
your ways & customs
your strange yearnings—
do you see dirt?
do your teeth flash &
spark at the sight
of blueberry stains?
are you offended by
too much publication?
I must know these
things, enzymes—
I must understand—
for only then will
I understand my
own wonder, my
fascination & purge
the stains of my inner
mind with the
munching magic of your
ideals.

OH GIANT OCTOPUS

Hang you gangling arms
on the sea winds &
wander this way.
I understand you ate
all the mermaids out
of the sea.
I understand you are
a destroyer—just
because James Mason
made that movie
& shot your wife.
Is that the reason you
munch the water
clean—hey!
We have better movies
now, I just remembered—
lust! sodomy! money!
Come on, octo, heave
this way your slimy
belly and maybe we
can bring back the
cowboy pictures, clean
the East River &
scare the politicians—
& maybe I
can find out where
Mason lives. . . .

Who had the poor taste to name a magazine Jock?

I, Mickey Herskowitz, editor, confess. I named Jock.

I wanted to create a new sports magazine that wasn't juvenile or boring. An adult sports magazine filled with irreverence and excitement to feed the Jock in us all.

And so, the name.

Jock concentrates on the passionate sports: baseball and football and basketball and the fights and the races and hockey.

There are no articles on chess tournaments.

The writers I hire are writers first, sports writers second. William F. Buckley did an article for me. So did Woody Allen. And Pete Hamill and Howard Cosell and Red Smith.

I wanted Jock to be beautiful. I got designers to make my magazine gutsy and alive and different.

I aimed my Jock for a very special audience: me. I am an intelligent sports fanatic. If I make a magazine I like to read I can't go wrong. I don't think I have.

I think you'd be doing yourself a favor to subscribe.

But if you want to check Jock out first, a suggestion.

Pick up a copy at your newsstand and read it.

Jock New York

To: Jock New York, 572 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

I support Jock. Send me ☐ 3 years of Jock for $12. ☐ 2 years of Jock for $9. ☐ 1 year of Jock for $5.

Name________________

Address________________

City________________

State________ Zip________

☐ Payment is enclosed.

☐ Bill me later.

Jock is a publication of Sportsworld Communications Corp.

DIRTY LINEN

or, the filthy old man in the grey flannel suit

Gentlemen:
With regard to laundry detergent product C593A, I must regrettably veto your proposed sales campaign. While it may be true that MASK is an attractive name for this product, the slogan "MASK hides the dirt so you never know it's there," is, I feel, ill-advised. Is this really the kind of creative thinking that has built our reputation at Bauble, Bangle and Bede? I suspect not.

To my knowledge, no detergent has yet attempted to harness the persuasive power of sex. Look into it.

R.N. Delafield

RN:
Excellent suggestion. The concept of romance in the washer is extremely viable. Perhaps simply ROMANCE?

Corcoran

RN:
Great possibilities! No slogans so far, but my staff has come up with some outtasight names. Try hitting the horny *hausfrau* market with something along the lines of THRUST, or maybe SHAFT or ROD. ROD is the favorite of the staff, actually—how about STAFF, for that matter?

Deitch

RN:
I wish you'd play a little longer with ROD. I've come up with some far out angles on it:

"ROD's driving action penetrates those hard-to-reach spots."

"ROD gets all the way in (to get dirt *all the way out!*)."

Specially formulated "pile-driver" action?

Deitch

Deitch:
Please don't butt in. Delafield's got me hung up on this new subtlety kick, thanks to you.

Corcoran

Corky:
Sorry you're so uptight, but maybe Fatass has a point. We don't want to get *too* heavy. I sent this one to old Bigbutt:

"DON WON . . . coaxes the dirt out of your clothes."

Deitch

RN:
I think you are thinking of *won ton*—it's a kind of soup. But I certainly see your point. We're thinking currently of "MURMUR—whispers dirt away," but it may not have enough punch. Do you prefer SOOTHE?

Corcoran

RN:
"LUST's unique pulsating action drives your clothes out of their minds!"

Deitch

RN:
LADE?

Deitch

RN:
I've spoken to Deitch, and I'm sure we won't get anything like that again. . . . New approach on MURMUR—"makes your clothes rustle with freshness!" (Great possibilities for TV. Housewife takes MURMUR-cleaned dress out of washer and pauses in reverie. CUT to elegant ballroom with her *in* dress dancing with distinguished, foreign-looking count.) I think this really sings. Agree?

Corcoran

RN:
"MOAN! Makes your underthings moan with joy!" (Have the broad and the greaser half-nude in the laundry chute and fade out as they slide for home! Wow!)

Deitch

RN:
I've spoken to Deitch. Again.

But I think I've come up with a winner: CARESS. Cool, sophisticated.

"CARESS—for that flush of whiteness."

"CARESS—when clothes matter. . . ."

"Feel like a woman again . . . get CARESS."

Like it?

Corcoran

RN:
"STRIP gives clothes that natural look."

Deitch

RN:
"RAPE . . . double the power!"

Deitch

RN:
"CLIMAX . . . the washday explosion!"

Deitch

RN:
Confidentially, I don't think Deitch is a real B, B, and B trooper. He's *now* suggested combining sex *and violence:*

"SADO . . . the washday massacre. Slaughters dirt," etc.

Corcoran

Gentlemen:
Like it. What can you do with C738D, the disposable diaper?

R.N. Delafield ☐

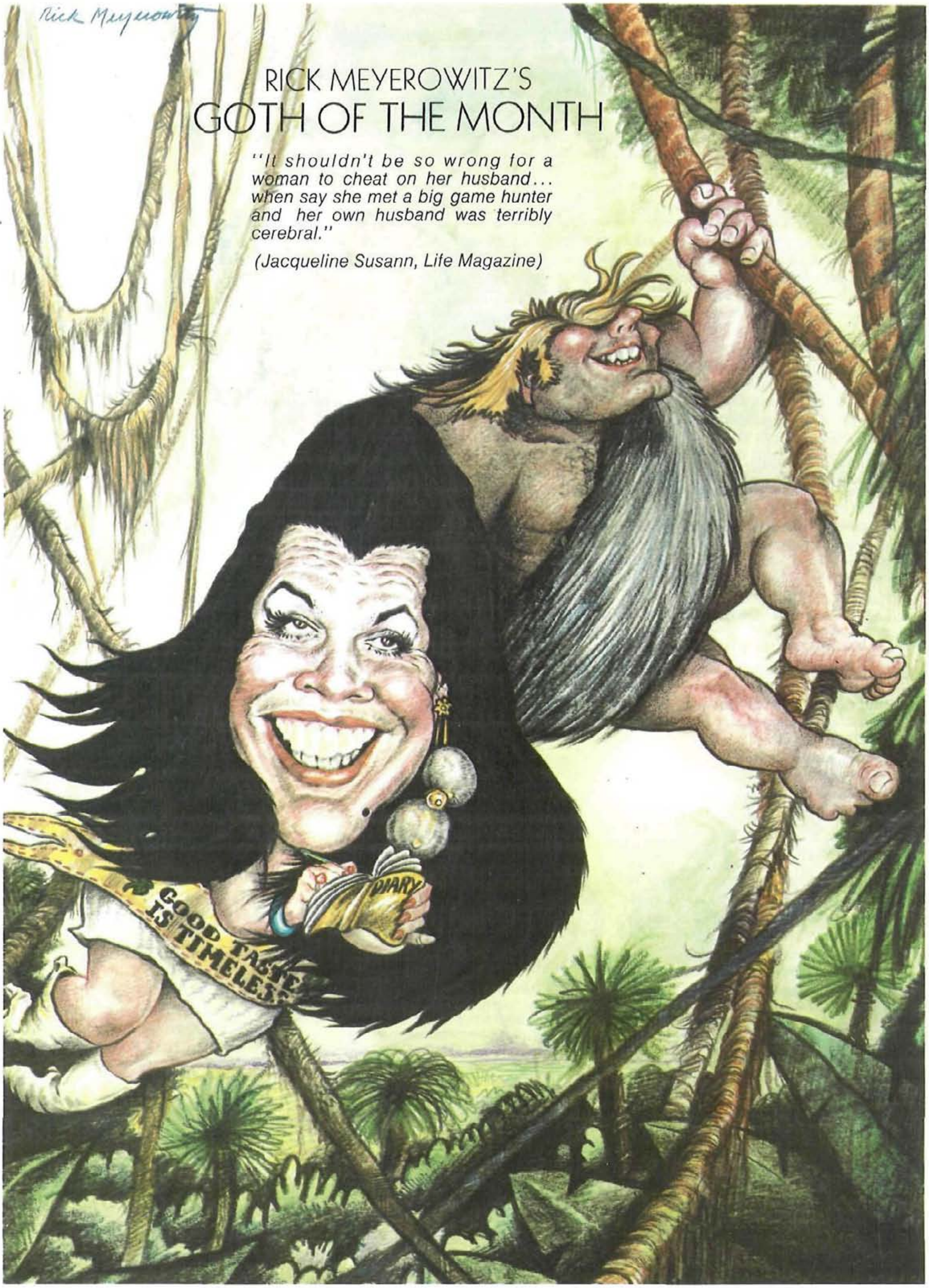


"I can only conclude that my Mexican divorce is invalid in the state of New Jersey."

RICK MEYEROWITZ'S
GOTH OF THE MONTH

"It shouldn't be so wrong for a woman to cheat on her husband... when say she met a big game hunter and her own husband was terribly cerebral."

(Jacqueline Susann, Life Magazine)



THE APRIL BEST-SELLER LIST

IT MUST BE SPRING, THE PLACE IS LOUSY WITH ROBBINS

1. **The Auditors.** Harold Robbins. In this bold new book, Robbins rips the tie clips and pen holsters off the booming accounting profession with a story of the brash, hard-driving young men who keep the books by day and the girls by night. The story centers around Arnold Brack, a ruthless human calculator with an eye for figures, whether they're on balance sheets or bed sheets. Brack uses every trick in the book to get to the top, spilling coffee on rivals' ledgers, pouring rubber cement in their adding machines, and changing all their 3's to 8's. It's just one more entry in the debit column when his body is found floating face down in the office water cooler, a Rooster tie knotted tightly around his neck and a Frito lodged deep in his brain.

2. **Restroom.** Arthur Hailey. Set among the gleaming taps and spotless tiles of a big-city washroom, Hailey's latest novel goes behind the scenes to tell the startling story of the men who see the man about the dog. Here they all are, the all-too-real characters who inhabit the tough porcelain-and-chrome world where "gentlemen" is only a name on a door: There's Harrington, the crass indistrialist who deals in millions but still doesn't know the difference between number 1 and number 2; Jameson, the gifted but bitter Negro whose compulsive seat-slamming is a muffled cry for respect; Greerson, the young, dissolute socialite who uses comfort tissue as carelessly as he uses women; and McMahon, whose shaking hand on the spring-loaded faucets tells what he won't admit to himself—that he'll never freshen up again. The plot builds like a case of coffee-acid kickback to the shattering climax when a plugged sink and a hopelessly jammed towel machine spell disaster for the big men in the little boys' room.

3. **With, Ah, Bright Wings.** Irving Stone. Adding to his list of thoughtfully dramatized biographies of great artists *(The Agony and the Ecstasy, Lust for Life)*, Stone traces the twisted life of painter-naturalist James Audubon. His sweeping novel begins with Audubon's first blistering affair with a teacher at the Hudson River School, then follows him from his relationship with the mysterious Bird Woman who was to affect his life so deeply to his final liaison with a Creosote squaw in a torrid tepee along the Atlantic Flyway. Audubon comes to life in this moving story, not just as the highly paid bird portraitist to whom shrikes and grackles flocked from all over North America with important commissions, but as the tormented genius whose famous feud with Charles Wilson Peale and whose countless sylvan trysts made him the talk of every perch and feeding tray east of the Mississippi.

4. **Have Some Candy, Sonny.** Sam Levenson. Illustrated by Richard Speck. Alternating between licorice sticks and sharp cuffs, America's best-loved humorist prodded 14 problem readers and a collie high on Dog Yummies into producing this warm, sweet little book filled to overflowing with the cutest case histories of actual molestations. Speck's delightfully demented drawings are the perfect match for Levenson's careful editing. One gem from among many: "This funny man in a big black car gave me a bag of Tootsie Rolls. He smelled like a bus. I threw up on his shoe."

5. **The Carousel.** Jacqueline Susann. Moving effortlessly through the dens and rumpus rooms of middle America, Miss Susann chronicles the rise of home-movie king Buddy Brash. Her fine eye for detail clicking like a shutter, she follows Brash from the dog-eat-dog days when he was passing around seamy snapshots of Paris to glittering evenings in sunken livingrooms where he shows, on a silk bedsheet, rich color slides of scenery along the Kansas Turnpike. The thin veneer of knotty pine is stripped away in scenes of insane lust as Brash's guests willingly submit to endless degradation at his hands in their frenzy to get to the door.

6. **Kitchy Coe.** John O'Hara. Bright, pretty, silly, Kitchy Coe is catapulted from the yellow pages to the Philadelphia Social Register when her father makes a killing in savings bonds. Her real name is Katherine Kauflink, but a quick name change and a series of dimple transplants do the trick, and to anyone who has seen her petting at the Junior League Sock Hop with the likes of Townsend DeLuxe, she's just plain Kitchy. It's all Cinderella until, haunted by the freight whistles along the exclusive Main Line where her father once worked as a brakeman, she takes to drinking Bay Rum like water and playing mumblety-peg in the gazebo with José DaFong, the mixed-breed gardener. In a final ironic twist characteristic of O'Hara, she elopes to Wilkes-Barre with a lawn flamingo and everyone else dies in his sleep.

7. **The Monkey Business.** Desmond Morris. In this remarkable book, popular zo-



ologist and sociologist Morris tells of a summer spent in a gorilla suit at a well-known zoo observing a group of great apes and so-so monkeys. Eventually accepted into their society when a disgruntled chimp withdrew a blackball, Morris was permitted to watch these naturally suspicious brutes in their most private moments: mating, feeding, playing canasta in their pajamas, and reading the funnies on the john. From this unique experience, the author arrives at some controversial conclusions based on the striking similarities between man and the primates and suggests the startling theory that Adam and Eve may have been monkeys and the Forbidden Fruit a banana.

8. **The 800 Pages.** Irving Wallace. Taking you into the world of sex, smut, lust, filth, glop, lint, bosh and goop, Wallace records what goes on in an author's mind as he writes "the most obscene book of all time." The creative process is laid bare as Wallace follows the novelist while he carefully matches characters with their perversions, thinks up interesting things for them to say without repeating themselves, maneuvers them into beds, coat closets and swimming pools, and finally gets them all onto a plane with defective landing gear. Later, the reader goes along when the novelist cashes his royalty checks, then joins him for a wild spree on the town.

9. **A Matter of Habit.** Elia Kazan. In this long-awaited sequel to his best-selling novel of modern manners, *The Arrangement*, Kazan explores the lives of a series of middle-aged couples in a mythical city (Indianapolis) whose marriages have become cynical shams of convenience and routine. Typical are the Jeffries: Tom Jeffries, who sells insurance by day and sleeps during the night, and his wife Laura, who lives the Jekyll-Hyde existence of housewife and mother of four. Tom drives the old Ford to the station, while Laura takes the kids to school in the station wagon, and each knows exactly what the other is doing. In bed, they no longer tell each other about their days. They've given up the pretenses; it's all just habit.

10. **Dear Diary.** Svetlana Alliluyeva. This fascinating document, thought lost by Miss Alliluyeva but fortunately discovered by her publisher among some pistols, beryllium girdles and left-handed mittens that she managed to smuggle out of Russia, tells the super heated story of the sizzling affairs of her father, Joseph Stalin, during the wild, wacky purge years. These surprisingly explicit journals paint an unforgettable portrait of Uncle Joe and the *creme de la Kremlin* in the mad, mad Moscow of the '30's. Miss Alliluyeva still insists on the innocence of her father, and in retrospect it's no small wonder he couldn't concentrate on all those camps with so many lovely dishes in his *dacha*. ☐

Love Letters of Aristotle ONASSIS

I NEVER MEDITERRANEAN I DIDN'T LIKE.



PHOTO: UPI

The following letters, scheduled to be put up for auction next month by an undisclosed collector, came into our hands through a series of flukes and gills too numerous to relate. Actually, they were either handed to me by an obese pigeon fancier in return for his weight in popcorn or were found stuck (with a wad of well-chewed Bazooka) to the bottom of a table in a restaurant frequented by the interstate propeller set. I don't remember which.

Dear Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy,
I see your picture in swell American magazine *Movie Mulch* and say to myself, Aristotle Sophocles—that is my name, it comes from two big thinkers who sat under hemlock tree and invented things and made much money—I say to myself, she is the one who is for me. No kidding, I say that. I say to myself also hotcha and this is one jazzy baby. I am the gay devil, you see. My friends, they say I am like big American movie star Gabby Hayes but they flatter.

In Greece we have old saying, when a man wants a woman, it is like goat who eats too many mushrooms. He is the sick one but he likes mushrooms too much to stop. You are mushrooms to me, baby.

Hot Diggedy,
Ari Onassis

Dear Jacqueline,
I explain. Goat like man in love. Man in love like goat. Mushrooms like woman man love. Too much mushrooms make goat sick. Goat sometimes throw up, make big mess. But he still like mushrooms. Is stupid saying.

Diabetes is disease, not big Greek thinker who made much money. Onassis is not Irish name. I have never been to party with Princess Radziwill. Who is she? Is she big swinger? Maybe you see me in Buffalo, New York State. I have nephew there who runs big restaurant.

You would like Greece. There are many old buildings that look like Washington, D.C. They are in bad shape and need much work, though. You would like olive trees. In Greece they say pretty woman charms olives out of trees. Olive crop would be ruined if you come to Greece.

Hotcha,
Ari

Dear Jacquelina,
You see, olives like pretty woman, so fall on ground. Get stepped on by goats. Stepped-on olives no damn good. People no like olive mush. So crop ruined. Say, have you heard joke about man who goes to restaurant and orders moussaka? When moussaka arrives, man finds buzza-buzza in bowl. He says to waiter, there is a buzza-buzza in my moussaka. And waiter says, I no charge you extra. Ha ha. Pretty funny, yes no?

I see your picture again, in *Screen Sludge*. You are OK in my books. I am sending you little present.

Hey, give some cigars to Broadway.

Hot stuff,
Ari

Dearest Jackie,
I am happy you liking diamond. If it is too big for ring, OK, it makes good paperweight or doorknob. I have written poem for you:

Roses are red
The violets they are blue
You are the pajamas of the cat
And I have the hot ones for you.

Hot stuff, yes no? It is good for woman to be one smart cookie. I answer your question. Last year I make 456 quadrillion drachma, dollars U.S. $65 million. You like ships, it is so? I have 532 ships. I name a ship after you. I name two ships after you. Hell, I give you ship!

You look like million dollars yourself in picture in *Beverly Hills By-product.* I send you little something to buy yourself pretty gift.

Say hello to Harold Square, eh baby?

Tutti-frutti,
Ari

My Little Baklava,
Of course I send you little more money to buy something so nice you have had your eye on. An island is very nice thing to have, I have island too. It makes me happy. Where is Rhode Island?

It is good you are so generous to charities too. I send money to charities you suggest in your name. It is very sad to



"I don't know who you are or what you're up to, sir, but you've really turned me on."

hear about poor downtrodden Saks and plight of almost-extinct Gimbels and terrible hurricane in Bloomingdale. America must be tough place.

You must come to Greece soon. In August is big festival of St. Midas and feast of Hopelessly Bewildered Patriarch. People drink much residua, wear funny clothes, throw knives, big party.

I am happy you like poem. You flatter when you say I am as good as big Greek poet Homer who made much money.

I have not heard of Foofy Vanderbilt or Arthur Schlesinger. Maybe you see me in Disneyland. I was there in 1954.

Bob's your uncle?
Ari

P and S. You really want ship? OK I give you ship *SS Feta*. 55,000 tons. You *sure* you want ship? Big nuisance, rust all the time, smell like dead fish. Pooh, no good.

My Ambrosia,
You want ship so you can go to island? OK, OK.

I am happy you are coming to Greece. We will paint town with much red paint. We will listen to the hot jazz. We will twist-twist. I will show you Acropolis. It needs big repair but still very nice. I will show you etchings. Ha ha. We will do hanky-panky.

You are in magazine again. *Hollywood Hickey*. They say you will marry English big-shot. Is true?

Ari

Dear Jackie,
Is not true you marry English big-shot. I thought no.

It is custom in Greece for wife to give dowry, but if you say in America it is different, OK. I give dowry. It is strange, America is funny place. My nephew say Americans eat peanut butter and bacon. But dowry?

Maybe you marry American big-shot Arthur Schlesinger?

Maybe you not like Greece very much. Hot place, also cold. Streets full of sheep. Sheep think everywhere is big bathroom. Sheep right. Everywhere you go, trip on buried statue, hurt foot. Have to carry water from fountain in 2,000-year-old jug with big hole in it. Everywhere smell like dead fish.

Also people here very different, do funny things. Go to museum and look at vase pictures. Very weird people.

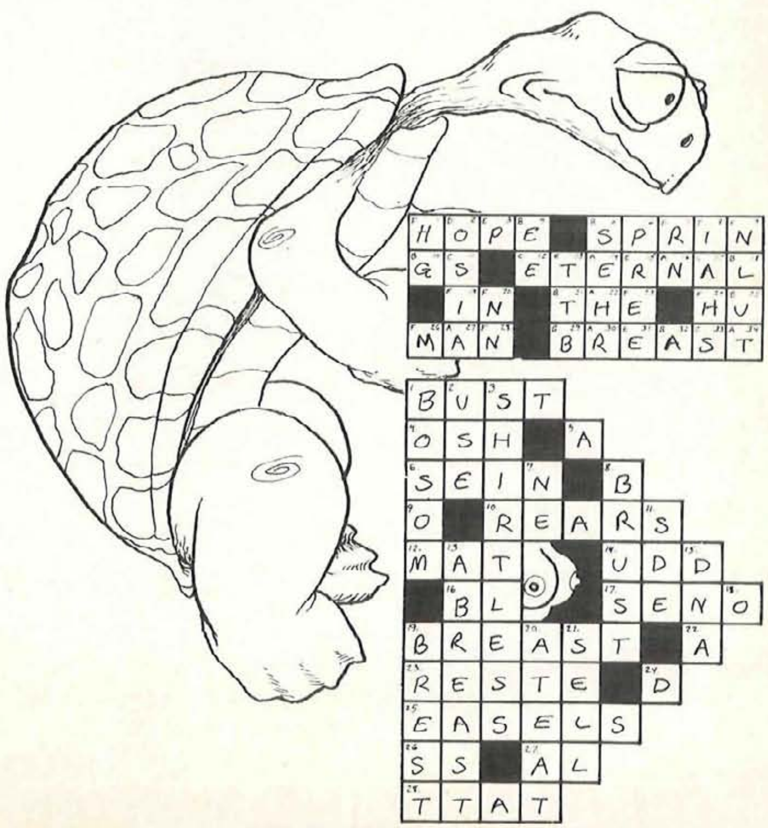
Maybe you marry big American movie star Gabby Hayes?

Aristotle

Dear Jacqueline,
I get telegrams. Yes, I meet you at airport. Yes, I rent big car. Yes, I wear fancy suit.

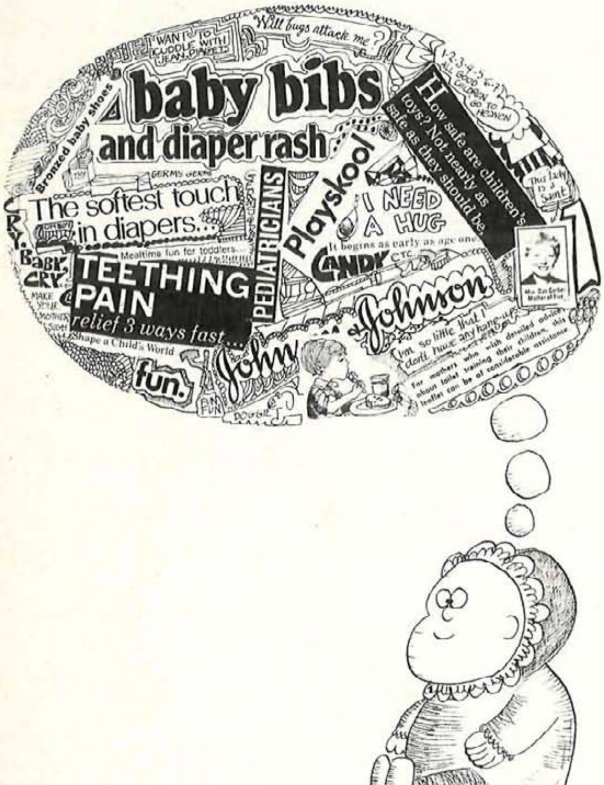
Do I ever tell you about goat and mushrooms?

Aristotle
□

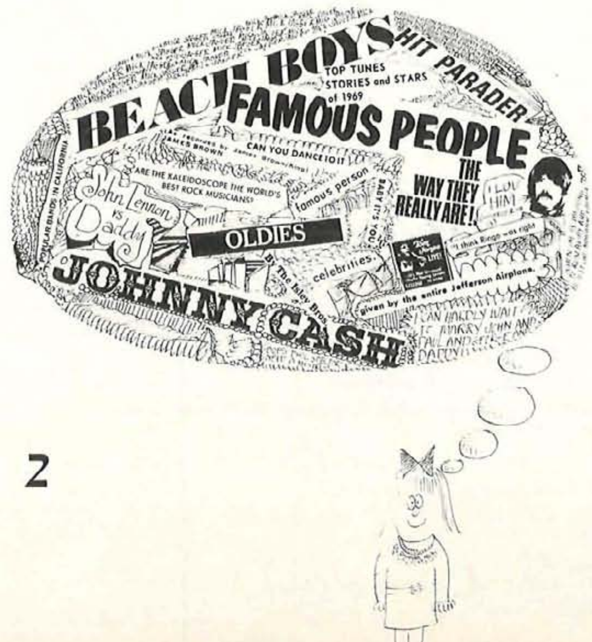


five ages of woman

by David McClelland

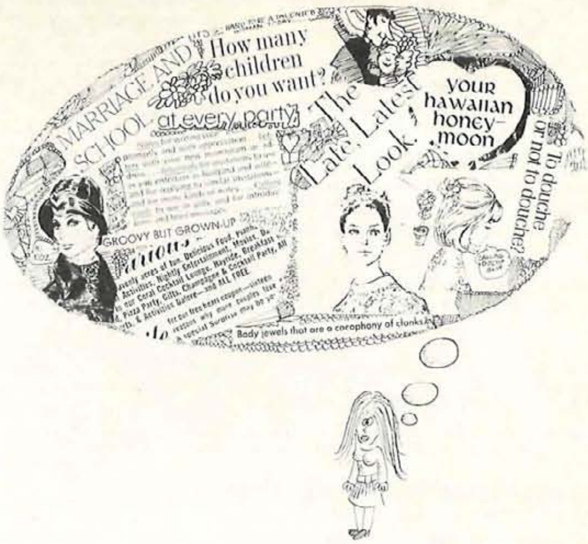


1



2

3



MARRIAGE AND
SCHOOL
How many children do you want?
at every party
The Late, Latest Look
your hawaiian honey-moon
To douche or not to douche?
GROOVY BUT GROWN-UP

4



Secret For A Lovelier Skin
at special savings.
Black-tie dinners
redecorate your bathroom
Wouldn't you rather have a bedroom decorated
The better figure, better health machine
NEW IMPROVED Kleenite
makes cooking, dining and entertaining too easy.
NEWEST HOME DECORATOR FINISHES
FROM THIS . . . TO THIS
DINGY TEETH made RADIANT WHITE
PERMANENT HAIR REMOVER
Gracious Living... Gracious Giving
REMOVES rust & stains
Corrective program for oily skin
1. Quickly numbs gum tissue.
2. Relieves gum congestion.
3. Soothes inflamed, tender gums.
COVERINGS
FURNITURE
Shopping
STAIN...STALE TASTE ODOR...float away



and when he'd satisfied himself
When Jore raped me he thought he'd taken my virginity
GIRLS GET YOUR MAN!
ORGY
Sex Fetish Not Dangerous
Dad-and-daughter teams get thrill of incest
thrill of an orgasm can last for nearly an hour in
After a few sessions with the same masseur, clients turn lesbo
when Lon took off my bikini and started
HORMONE LOTION
For Blossoming Body Beauty Contains 14,000 Units of Estrogenic Hormones
Sex
and promised us orgies more sex-filled than we could even dream of.
MAKE HIM WANT YOU!
Use of Frozen Sperm Rising
The tempo was just unbearable. Then I felt him give one last, final burst and let out a loud grunt and I knew he was finished.
SEX TECHNIQUE

5

How old is that chestnut?

Along the Steak-and-Kidney Belt with "Shecky" Shakespeare.

Sociologists, linguists and other fancy people have long puzzled over the source of risque jokes and in the process have asked themselves countless times the annoying question, "Where did these silly things come from, anyway?" The answer, of course, is that they all came from Shakespeare, along with so many other things we take for granted in our daily lives, including sayings like "Come here, Watson, I need you," and electricity, snowshoes, the Wankel engine and the Franklin stove. The best examples of Shakespeare's contributions to the richness of our comic language are to be found in *One Good Turn Deserves Another,* a very late comedy inexplicably left out of the Folio and the Quarto, but fortunately included in the Roto. The very first scene in this remarkable work, the famous gatekeeper scene, yields the earliest known example of the halloo-halloo jest, or, as it has come to be known, knock-knock joke.

1ST GATEKEEPER: Halloo. Halloo. *(Some read Holla, Holla.)*
2ND GATEKEEPER: Who be there, by our lady?
1ST GATEKEEPER: Your arse, by the road.
2ND GATEKEEPER: Your arse be who, in sooth?
1ST GATEKEEPER: You arse a stupid question, and methinks you will get a stupid answer.
3RD MURTHERER: Damn.

Later on in this surprising play, Act II Scene 4 to be precise, we find another curious item. Gaspatcho and Imbroglio, suitors vying for the hand of Funicula, become lost in an enchanted truck garden while trying to gather together all the handkerchiefs, notes, key chains, telegrams and lovers' tokens they have strewn around before Vesuvio, Funicula's weird father, arrives to discover their plots and sell them encyclopedias.

GASPATCHO: This is a place of some enchantment, coz.
IMBROGLIO: I doubt it not.
(Enter fairies, drag queens, hautboys, amboys and bell buoys, singing.)
Sing hey nonny nonny.
A wood nymph there was named Titania,
Who lived in enchanted Sylvania.
She did it for sprights, and wights in silk tights,
But munchkins were mainly her mania.
Sing hey derry derry. *(Exeunt)*

Act III contains another clearly influential passage. The Duke of Pimento, suspecting Gaspatcho of plans to overthrow him and proclaim a workers' paradise, orders his soldiers, attendants and asides to scour the city for the missing lover, who is, unbeknownst to the Duke, masquerading as Queen Mab.

GASPATCHO: To madness, as to an arras, shall I steal.
Thus do false fools offtimes true fools reveal.
(Enter Captain, and Yeoman.)
CAPTAIN: Hold, sirrah!
YEOMAN: Yeo!
GASPATCHO: Fol de rol de rol rol rol.
CAPTAIN: *(Aside)* This be madness. I will jolly with this wretch,
Who, unless my slighted orbs deceive me,
Hath the very look and likeness of Queen Mab.
Whence all this folling and rolling, sirrah?
GASPATCHO: *(Producing fish)* Cod piece, cod piece, who wilt have a piece of cod?
CAPTAIN: This piece of cod passeth all understanding.
GASPATCHO: Pray tell me, good sire, what different there be
'Twixt a baptized fish and a lowly wench?
CAPTAIN: In truth, poor fool, I do not know.
GASPATCHO: The one is a holy sole, the other solely a—
CAPTAIN: Hark. There is harum-scarum within. *(Alarums, excursions and half fares)* Attend me all. *(Exit)*
GASPATCHO: Then I am left sole. *(Throws fish)*
1ST YEOMAN: Why did that moron cast yon fish?
2ND YEOMAN: Marry, I do not know. *(Exeunt)*

Fearing further stratagems, the Duke imprisons Funicula, instructs the watch to be especially vigilant, and goes completely mad.

1ST WATCHMAN: 'Tis cold.
2ND WATCHMAN: 'Tis so.
1ST WATCHMAN: Marry, I will light a brazier. Have you flint and tinder?
2ND WATCHMAN: Nay.
1ST WATCHMAN: Well, then, an ember from your pipe will serve as well.
2ND WATCHMAN: 'Tis not lit.
1ST WATCHMAN: Have you no match?
2ND WATCHMAN: Aye, your countenance and my arrears.
1ST WATCHMAN: Curse you for a wag.
GHOST: Prince Albert, sweet Prince Albert, good Prince Al! What? Still i' the can?
2ND WATCHMAN: Buzz off, coz.

Terrified by the Duke of Pimento's threats, Vesuvio flees to the neighboring city of Pomona, where his brother Osculo is big in menswear. There he meets Umbrello, who tells him that Funicula is a prisoner of the Duke, which cheers him up a bit.

VESUVIO: What other news, sweet Umbrello?
UMBRELLO: It seems
There was this merchant, late of Tuscany,
a man of travels and a mongerer
who, on the road to Venice near to Po,
was tempest-tossed.
VESUVIO: Did he succumb?
UMBRELLO: I pray you, give me the telling of this tale.
VESUVIO: News of this merchant reached my ears ere this.
UMBRELLO: Wouldst hear this tale or no?
VESUVIO: Tell on, tell on.
UMBRELLO: Marry, where was I?
VESUVIO: You spoke of tempests.
UMBRELLO: 'Tis so. Anon he came upon a hut
Belonging to a peasant of those parts,
His name, I do not know.
VESUVIO: Had he a daughter?
UMBRELLO: Aye, of unsurpassèd beauty, truth to tell.
VESUVIO: This merchant, sought he lodgings for the night?
UMBRELLO: You have hit the mark.
VESUVIO: And there was but one bed
wherein might sleep both maid and mongerer?
And did this peasant then this merchant charge
with oaths of chastity and bade him swear
that 'twixt the two there would occur anaught
of what the dusky and uncircumsizèd Moor
calls the hanka-panka?
UMBRELLO: The hell with it. *(Exit)*

Well spoken, sweet Umbrello. □

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Our Publisher

says, "We must stop those gawdawful, buckeye, half-price ads we have been running. They destroy our image, imply The ATLANTIC is hardly worth the paper it is printed on, and insult the intelligence of our readers."

Our Circulation Manager says, "This is a cut-rate, reduced price, bargain-hunting society we are in, and there *is* no other way to introduce a magazine, even a superlatively good product such as ours. Statistics [*he's always tossing figures at the Publisher*] prove most people who try The ATLANTIC at the trial rate renew at full price, anyway."

Our Editor says, "I'm putting out a magazine worth *twice* the price we're selling it for. Where else can a reader, in one twelve-month period, get an entire *Saul Bellow novel* before it is published, an advance look at *James Dickey's first novel,* plus Jessica Mitford, General David Shoup, John Kenneth Galbraith, Sean O'Faolain, Robert Graves, Bill Moyers, Dan Wakefield, Isaac Asimov, etc., for $9.50 a year?"

The Publisher and Editor gave in, just this once.

However, this might be the last half-price ad The ATLANTIC will ever run. Our next ad might be a help-wanted ad for a new Circulation Manager.

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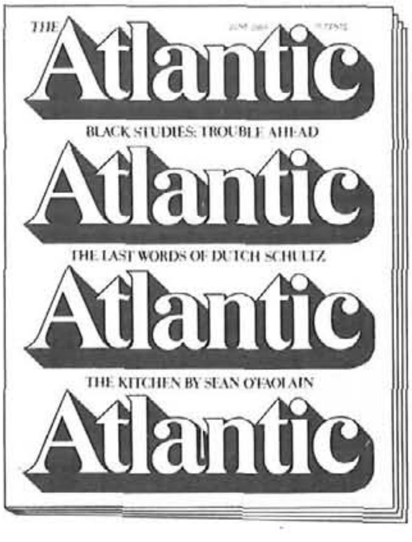
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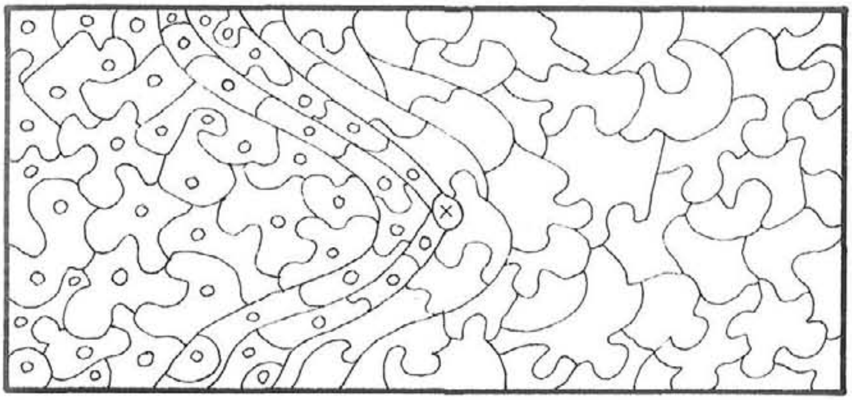
"BREAST AND RECREATION"

The Best from the First 54 Years of *Mondo Breasto Puzzle Magazine*

Since 1916, *Mondo Breasto Puzzle Magazine* has consistently provided the very best in congenial, adult puzzles—puzzles that rise above the prejudices of the narrow-minded and the barriers of hypocrisy. On these two pages, our experts discreetly present what, in their opinion, are the six most satisfying puzzles ever to grace the pages of MBPM. So pick up the nearest pencil and get set for more fun and adventure than you ever dared hope for!

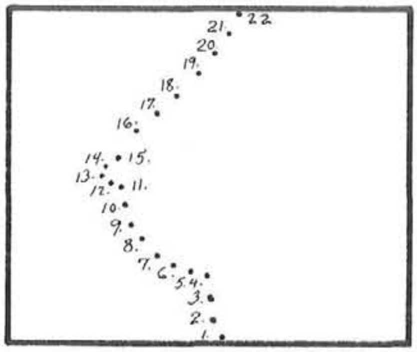
THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS!

Here's an extremely pleasurable jigsaw picture! Simply color pink all the spaces that contain an "X". Color flesh-tone all the spaces that contain a circle. Leave all the other spaces blank. You won't be disappointed!



BOSOM BUDDY!

What do you suppose this very attractive picture will turn out to be? To find out, just draw a continuous line from 1 to 2, 2 to 3, and so on. You'll be pleasantly surprised by the result!



UDDERLY FANTASTIC!

Every one of the titillating objects in the four pictures below begins with the letter B. The number of dashes under each picture indicates the number of letters in the word. Can *you* name the objects? (Warning: Watch out for plurals!)

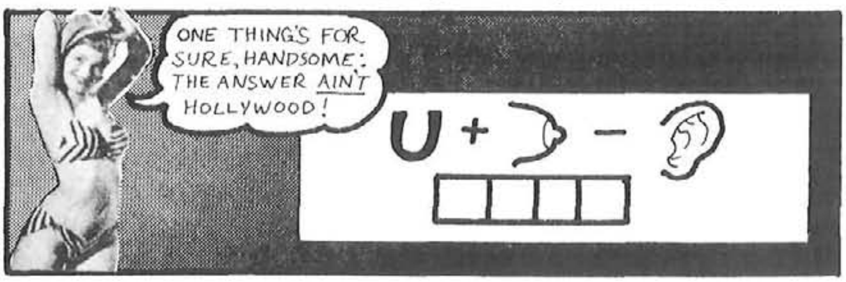
1)



B _ _ _ _ _

HOLLYWOOD OR BUST!

When it comes to sophisticated fun, rebus puzzles are hard to beat! All you have to do is add and subtract the letters in the names of the pictured objects, then unscramble what's left when you're through. (The box after the equals sign will tell you how many letters the swinging answer contains, while the stunning miss to the left of the diagram provides a provocative clue.) Hotcha!



2)



B _ _ _ _ _ _ _

3)



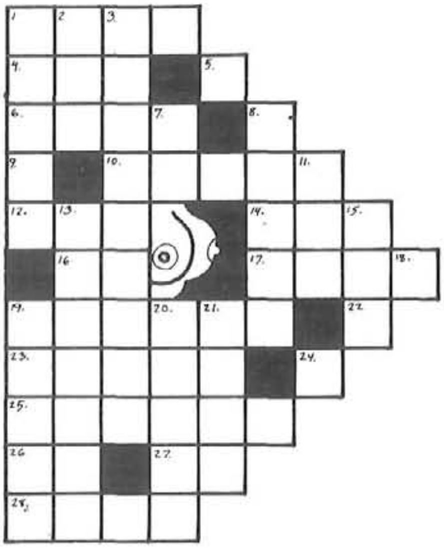
B _ _ _

4)



B _ _ _ _ _

STACKED DECK! by "Big Mama" Rhee



ACROSS

1. Breast
4. City where the notorious "Lake Winnebago Bosom Riot" took place: Abbr.
5. "Make —— clean breast of it."
6. Breast: French
9. "——, what a panic's in thy breastie!"
10. Posteriors
12. Countless bosoms have been stroked while their owners lay on one of these!
14. Breast: Abbr.
16. Breech loading: Abbr.
17. Breast: Italian
19. Pictured object
22. "Love in thy bosom like —— bee."
23. French word that rhymes with "breast"
24. A larger than average brassiere cup-size
25. Many pictures of naked people have rested on these!
26. The secret police agency that foiled the infamous *Brustverschwörung of 1940*
27. Poet Pope
28. "Ttit for ——."

DOWN

1. Breasts
2. To put into service
3. Having exposed breasts
7. "—— jouez pas avec mes seins!"
8. Breast: German
11. "Sinus ductor est!" ("The breast is leader!"): Abbr.
13. Bosom to bosom, as it were
15. Ingredient of breast cells
19. French culture, Western-extremity style, thrives in this seaport!
20. "A teat is a teat is ——."
21. The famous "Breast Prostitutes of Parma" do this to their mammaries.

THE KINSEY DOUBLE-CROSSTIC by LaGrande Poitrine

F 1	D 2	E 3	B 4		B 5	C 6	B 7	F 8	E 9
B 10	C 11		C 12	E 13	A 14	E 15	A 16	C 17	B 18
	E 19	F 20		B 21	A 22	F 23		F 24	B 25
F 26	A 27	F 28		B 29	A 30	E 31	B 32	C 33	A 34

A. The knob at the top of the male reproductive organ in seed-plants

B. More than ample bosom (2 words)

C. Thrust: French

D. The Story of —— (a dirty one indeed)

E. Writer of plays with a lot of dirty words in them

F. East Hartford Institute to Hinder Masturbators, Nymphomaniacs and Necrophiliacs: Abbr.

A. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ (27 16 34 22 14 30)

B. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ (18 32 7 10 4 29 25 5 21)

C. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ (6 17 33 11 12)

D. ___ (2)

E. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ (3 19 9 13 31 15)

F. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ (23 1 8 24 26 20 28)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 79

!! COMING NEXT MONTH !!

GREED

That's right, fellas 'n gals, next month's issue takes an annoyed look at Man's eternal sprint after a fast buck. Learn all about Big Business and High Finance. Put what you learn to work for you and find the secret of making **Big Pay in Your Spare Time!** Take the Big Profits you make from our hot tips and move to the Bahamas. But save a little for a good lawyer. You'll need one.

Sounds dull? Au contraire. Our next action-packed issue will include . . . **Cosnosco**. In this exciting feature, the **Lampoon** presents the Mafia's first Annual Report. Look for the big black hand on the wrapper.

The Gall Street Journal/ Can U.S. Steel find real happiness with a small holding company from the wrong side of the tracks? Can General Motors really improve your sex life?

True Finance Magazine/ Read the soul-stirring saga of the young investor who confesses **I Gave My Heart to I.B.M. and It Split Two-for-One!**

An Exclusive Interview with Howard Hughes/ And some with his attorneys when Uncle Howie reads it.

Crossing the Rubicam or How - to - cash - in - on - the - swinging - youth - market - and - still - look - your - kids - straight - in - the - eye. Teaching an Old Ad Man New Tricks, Dept.

Let's Make a Buck!/ Follow the twists and turns of the exciting new quiz show that proves that you will perform the most unspeakable acts for a new Hotpoint range and rotisserie.

International Trade Made E-Z/ Fritz the German has some cuckoo clocks and Pierre the Frenchman has some interesting postcards. Fritz suggests that they make a bargain whereby . . .

Up with Negroes! Black capitalism is the newest thing. Be sure to bone up before your next cocktail party.

Plus: New Check Designs, Gratuitous Dirty Pictures, How to Avoid Paying Your Debts, Obscene Vending Machines and a host of other tasteless fun 'n games.

This issue includes pages 16A and 16B, 20A and 20B, 66A and 66B, 70A and 70B



"My men wear English Leather or they wear nothing at all."

"I think men are beautiful.
I've always thought so.
Even when they were unkind to me.
But men are men.
And they need what we can give them.
They need love,
they need understanding,
and they need English Leather®.
All my men wear English Leather
or they wear nothing at all."

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BUDWEISER GIRL